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THE HUMOROUS AND DIVERTING HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING!

CONTAINING

A pleaſant and delightful Account of the Goodneſs and Hoſpitality of the benevolent

MR. ALLWORTHY;

THE HUMOURS OF

SQUIRE WESTERN,

The Famous FOX-HUNTER;

And the droll and whimſical Adventures which befell

Honeſt PARTRIDGE,

The School-Maſter, Pariſh Clerk, and Barber.

Interſperſed with many curious Love-Particulars

Between Mr. JONES

AND THE

Beautiful Miſs SOPHIA WESTERN,

To whom, after a Number of Croſſes and Diſappointments,

He was at length happily MARRIED.

The Whole comprehending ſuch entertaining Scenes,

Both in HIGH and LOW LIFE,

As are not to be met with in any Hiſtory of the Kind.

The SECOND EDITION.

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THE

DIVERTING HISTORY

OF

TOM JONES.

THERE lately lived in Somerſetſhire a gentleman of the name of Allworthy, who was in the commiſſion of the peace for the county, and who might well be called the favourite both of nature and of fortune. From the former of theſe, he derived an agreeable perſon, a ſound conſtitution, and a benevolent heart; by the latter, he was decreed to the inheritance of one of the largeſt eſtates in the county.

In his youth, Mr. Allworthy had married a very worthy and beautiful woman, by whom he had three children, who all died in their infancy. About five years before the period at which this hiſtory begins, he had likewiſe the misfortune to bury this beloved wife; after which melancholy event, he chiefly reſided in the country with his

only ſiſter, Miſs Bridget Allworthy. This lady was ſomewhat paſt the age of thirty, and one of thoſe whom the world rather commend for their good qualities than their beauty. Indeed ſhe was ſo far from regretting the want of this latter perfection (if it can be called one) that ſhe would never mention the charms of a woman without contempt; and ſo diſcreet was ſhe in her conduct, that her prudence was as much upon the guard, as if ſhe had all the ſnares to apprehend which were ever laid for her whole ſex.

Mr. Allworthy had been a full quarter of a year in London, when on his return home late in the evening, much fatigued, he retired, after a ſhort ſupper with Miſs Bridget, to his chamber. There, on opening the clothes, in order to ſtep into bed, to his great ſurpriſe he beheld an infant between the ſheets in a profound ſleep.

Filled with aſtoniſhment, he ſtood gazing at the little helpleſs object before him; and after ringing his bell, he ordered Mrs. Deborah Wilkins, an elderly woman ſervant, to riſe, and come to him immediately. When the antiquated matron came in, ſo eager was Mr. Allworthy in contemplating the beauty of ſleeping innocence, that he never once reflected he was in his ſhirt; and Mrs. Deborah (who, though in the fifty-ſecond year of her age, vowed ſhe had never beheld a man without his coat) no ſooner perceived her maſter ſtanding by the bed with his clothes off, than ſhe ſtarted back in a moſt terrible fright, and not without ſome doubts that he had ſome intentions upon her honour.

Mr. Allworthy, however, recollecting his being undreſſed, put an end to the fooliſh terrors of the old

old woman, by ſlipping on ſome clothes over his back, and then calling to her to return. Mrs. Deborah obeyed; and on being informed by her maſter of his finding the little infant, her conſternation was rather greater than his had been. Mr. Allworthy to'd her, ſhe muſt take care of the child that evening, and in the morning he would give orders to provide it a nurſe.

The good woman now became outrageous againſt the mother, whom ſhe wiſhed to ſee committed to Bridewell, and whipped at the cart's tail; adding, ſhe would warrant it was not her firſt by her impudence in laying it to his worſhip.—"In laying it to me, Deborah!" anſwered Allworthy, "I can't think ſhe hath any ſuch deſign. I ſuppoſe ſhe hath only taken this method to provide for her child; and truly I am glad ſhe hath not done worſe."—"I know not what is worſe," cries Deborah, "than for wicked ſtrumpets to lay their ſins at other men's doors; and though your worſhip knows your own innocence, yet the world is cenſorious; and if you ſhould provide for the child, it would make the people the apter to believe."

Mrs. Deborah vented a great deal more ſuch unnatural ſtuff; declaring it went againſt her to touch ſuch misbegotten wretches; that, if ſhe might be ſo bold as to give her advice, the babe ought to be put in a basket, and laid at the churchwarden's door; that it was a good night, only a little rainy and windy, and two to one but it might live till it was found in the morning; and that, at any rate, it was better, perhaps, for ſuch creatures to die in a ſtate of innocence, than to grow up and imitate their mother.

There were ſome ſtrokes in Mrs. Deborah's ſpeech, which, perhaps, would have offended Mr. Allworthy, had he attended to it; but he had now got one of his fingers into the infant's hand, which, by its gentle preſſure, ſeemed to implore his aſſiſtance, and would have outpleaded the eloquence of Mrs. Deborah, had it been ten times greater than it was. He now gave her poſitive orders to take the babe with her to bed; on which Mrs. Deborah, finding it neceſſary to alter her tone, took the child under her arms, and declaring it was a ſweet little infant, walked off with it to her own chamber.

The next morning, when at breakfaſt with Miſs Bridget, he ſummoned Mrs. Wilkins, telling his ſiſter he had a preſent for her; for which ſhe thanked him, imagining, we ſhall ſuppoſe, it had been a gown, or ſome ornament for her perſon. But how was ſhe diſappointed, when Mrs. Wilkins produced the little infant! She had not power to utter a ſyllable till her brother had told the whole ſtory, which he concluded with owning a reſolution to breed up the child as his own. Inſtead of expreſſing much bitterneſs on this occaſion, as Wilkins imagined ſhe would have done, Miſs Bridget intimated ſome compaſſion for the helpleſs little creature, commended her brother's charity, and at his deſire undertook the care of it.

Matters being thus far ſettled, Mr. Allworthy withdrew, and Deborah ſtood ſilent, expecting her cue from Miſs Bridget; who having looked ſome time earneſtly at the child, as it lay aſleep in the good woman's lap, could not forbear giving it a hearty kiſs, and declaring herſelf wonderfully pleaſed with its beauty and innocence. Mrs. Deborah

borah no ſooner obſerved this, than ſhe fell to ſqueezing and kiſſing it; but was interrupted by the lady, who now gave orders to her for providing all neceſſaries for the infant; and though ſhe declared that it was wholly in compliance with her brother's whim, yet ſhe ſhewed as much tenderneſs upon the occaſion, that had it been a child of her own, ſhe could not have exceeded it.

Honeſt Deborah, having diſpoſed of the child according to the will of her maſter, determined to find out the mother of it. For this purpoſe, ſhe went firſt to an elderly matron in the neighbourhood (much ſuch another woman as Deborah herſelf) to whom ſhe imparted what had happened; and, after ſcrutinizing the characters of the ſeveral young girls who lived in the place, they fixed their ſtrongeſt ſuſpicions on one Jenny Jones.

This Jenny Jones was not very handſome, but ſhe was endowed with an uncommon underſtanding, which ſhe had conſiderably improved by ſtudy; for ſhe had lived ſeveral years a ſervant to a ſchoolmaſter, who, finding ſhe had an extraordinary deſire of learning, had the good nature, or folly, to make her as good a ſcholar as moſt of the young men of quality of the age. This advantage was attended with ſome ſmall inconveniencies, as it produced no little envy and ill-will toward her in the boſoms of her neighbours. To complete the diſgrace of poor Jenny, ſhe had the misfortune, one Sunday, to ſhine forth in a new ſilk gown, and laced cap; and now, inſtead of obtaining reſpect, which, on account of her learning, ſhe thought no more than her due, ſhe met with nothing from her neighbours but

hatred and abuſe for her finery, which the whole pariſh declared ſhe could not have honeſtly come by. But there was another circumſtance that confirmed the ſuſpicions of the good women. Jenny had lately been often at Mr. Allworthy's houſe, where ſhe had officiated as nurſe to Miſs Bridget, in a violent fit of illneſs, and where ſhe had been ſeen the very day before Mr. Allworthy's return.

Jenny was now ſummoned to appear before Mrs. Deborah; who, aſſuming the gravity of a judge, began an oration with the words "You audacious ſtrumpet!" in which ſhe proceeded rather to paſs ſentence upon the priſoner than to accuſe her. The poor girl, as if deſirous to ſave her accuſers unneceſſary trouble, acknowledged, in terms of contrition, the fact laid to her charge; and though ſome of the by-ſtanders cried out, "They thought what madam's ſilk gown would end in," while others ſpoke ſarcaſtically of her learning, yet ſhe bore every thing with patience.

Mrs. Deborah returned with much triumph, and made a faithful report to Mr. Allworthy, who was much ſurpriſed at the relation; for he had heard of the extraordinary parts and improvements of this girl, whom he intended to have given in marriage, together with a ſmall living, to a neighbouring curate; and his concern therefore was at leaſt equal to Deborah's ſatisfaction. The prudent houſekeeper was again diſpatched to bring the unhappy culprit before Mr. Allworthy; not, as it was hoped by ſome, and expected by all, to be ſent to the houſe of correction, but to receive wholeſome admonition and reproof. The reſult of this was, that, though Jenny ſtill denied not the fact, ſhe yet gave ſuch proofs of an exalted

ſoul,

ſoul, and urged ſuch reaſons for not diſcovering who was the father of the child, at leaſt till a future period, that Mr. Allworthy diſmiſſed her with aſſurances, that he would ſoon remove her out of the reach of that obloquy and diſgrace ſhe had incurred.

Miſs Bridget, with the good houſekeeper, had liſtened to all that paſſed at the above interview with their ears to the key-hole; and, no ſooner was it over, than Mrs. Deborah began to exclaim at her maſter's clemency. At this, Miſs Bridget, with a ſmile, approved of her brother's conduct, while ſhe commended the honour and ſpirit with which Jenny had acted; and added, that ſhe did not doubt but ſhe had been ſeduced by ſome raſcal, who was infinitely more to blame than ſhe. The crafty Deborah, finding herſelf ſteering a wrong courſe, tacked about with wonderful celerity, and declared, ſhe "could not help admiring the girl's ſpirit as well as her ladyſhip, and as her ladyſhip had ſaid, if ſhe was deceived by ſome wicked man, ſhe was to be pitied."

Jenny, mean while, had returned home well pleaſed; nor was it long, till, in purſuance of his promiſe, Mr. Allworthy removed her to a place where ſhe might enjoy the pleaſure of reputation, after having taſted the ill conſequences of having loſt it.

Mr. Allworthy's heart and houſe were both particularly open to men of merit, genius, and learning. It is no wonder, therefore that perſons of ſuch qualifications ſhould eagerly flock to a place where they were ſure of enjoying almoſt the ſame advantages of a liberal fortune as if they were entitled to it in their own right.

Among

Among the number of thoſe, whoſe indigent circumſtances rendered ſuch an abode convenient to them, and who are the leſs welcome to a great man's table becauſe they ſtand in need of it, was doctor Blifil; who had the misfortune of loſing the advantage of great talents by the obſtinacy of a father, who would breed him to a profeſſion he diſliked. Unfortunately for the young man, therefore, he rendered himſelf a maſter of almoſt every ſcience but that of phyſic, by which he was to get his bread; the conſequence of which was, that the doctor at the age of forty had no bread to eat.

As a further recommendation to Mr. Allworthy, the Doctor had a great appearance of religion; and if this part of his character pleaſed the worthy ſquire, it delighted his ſiſter, who had read much divinity, and had puzzled more than one of the neighbouring curates. The doctor found himſelf at length ſo agreeable to Miſs Bridget, that he began to lament that he was married to another woman, who was not only ſtill alive, but, what was worſe, known to be ſo by Mr. Allworthy. He recollected, however, that he had a brother, who was under no ſuch unhappy incapacity, and who, as he thought he diſcerned an inclination to marriage in the lady, he did not doubt would ſucceed.

This gentleman was about thirty-five years of age, of a middle ſize, and well built. He had been decreed for holy orders, by the ſame paternal authority as has been already mentioned; but as the old gentleman died before he was ordained, preferring the king's commiſſion to the biſhop's, he purchaſed the poſt of lieutenant of dragoons, and

and afterwards roſe to be a captain. Happening, however, to quarrel with his colonel, he was by his intereſt obliged to ſell out; from which he betook himſelf to the ſtudy of the Scriptures, and was not a little ſuſpected of an inclination to methodiſm.

As it ſeemed not unlikely, therefore, that ſuch a perſon ſhould ſucceed with a lady of ſuch a ſaint-like diſpoſition, the doctor ſent for his brother, and introduced him at Allworthy's as a perſon who intended only a ſhort viſit to himſelf. The captain, from his arrival, at leaſt from the moment his brother propoſed the match to him, became greatly enamoured, not of Miſs Bridget, but of Mr. Allworthy's houſe and gardens, of his lands, tenements, and hereditaments; with which he would moſt probably have contracted marriage, had he been obliged to have taken the witch of Endor into the bargain.

Mr. Allworthy having declared that he never intended to take a ſecond wife, and the doctor having fiſhed out that he certainly would make any child his ſiſter might have his heir, the two brothers thought it an act of benevolence to give being to a human creature who would be ſo plentifully provided for. While the captain was laying ſchemes to execute his purpoſe, the lady was on her part contriving how to give him proper encouragement, without appearing too forward. In this ſhe eaſily ſucceeded; nor was it long before the captain found means to make his addreſſes in expreſs terms to his miſtreſs, from whom he received a denial in proper form. The captain, who perfectly well underſtood the lady, ſoon after repeated his application; and as he had now encreaſed

creaſed in the eagerneſs of his deſires, ſo Miſs Allworthy decreaſed in the violence of her refuſal. To cut the matter ſhort, a month had hardly elapſed, when the captain and Miſs Bridget were man and wife.

The great concern now was, to break the matter to Mr. Allworthy; and this was undertaken by the doctor. One day, accordingly, as Allworthy was walking in his garden, the doctor came to him, and, with all the concern he could poſſibly aſſume in his countenance, began to inform him, that he had an affair of the utmoſt conſequence to impart to him, but that it almoſt diſtracted him to think of it. He then launched forth into bitter invectives againſt men and women; accuſing the former of having no attachment but to their intereſt, and the latter of being ſo addicted to vicious inclinations, that they could never be ſafely truſted with one of the other ſex; and declaring as the reſult of the whole, that the captain ſhould no longer be a brother of his.

From theſe diſtant inſinuations, Mr. Allworthy gueſſed the truth. With this good man, it was a conſtant maxim to make the beſt of all matters which happened. His ſiſter, he obſerved, was old enough to be at the age of diſcretion, and to know what would make her happy; and though ſhe had married a gentleman not her equal in fortune, yet, if he had perfections in her eye, which could make up for that deficiency, he ſhould not object to her choice.

The doctor repeated his accuſations againſt his brother, while he launched forth into a panegyric on Allworthy's goodneſs, and the higheſt encomiums

miums on his friendſhip; and concluded by ſaying, "he never ſhould forgive his brother for having put the place he bore in that friendſhip, to a hazard."

Mr. Allworthy replied, that he entertained no diſpleaſure againſt his brother, who appeared to him to be a man of ſenſe and honour; that he did not diſapprove the taſte of his ſiſter; and that he would not doubt but that ſhe was equally the object of his inclinations.

This interview being over, and every thing ſeemingly adjuſted to the ſatisfaction of all parties, the doctor immediately informed his brother of what had paſſed; and, while he affected to ſneer at the benevolent credulity of the good man, enlarged upon his own cunning, and their mutual good fortune.

One of the maxims which the devil left to his diſciples is, when once you are got up, to kick the ſtool from under you; in plain Engliſh, when you have made your fortune by the good offices of a friend, to diſcard him as ſoon as you can. Thus captain Blifil was no ſooner poſſeſſed of Miſs Bridget, and ſure of the future friendſhip of Allworthy, than he began to ſhew a coldneſs to his brother, which at length grew into rudeneſs, and became viſible to every one. When the doctor offered to remonſtrate to him privately concerning this behaviour, he could obtain no other ſatisfaction than, "if you diſlike any thing in my brother's houſe, ſir, you know you are at liberty to quit it."—This cruel behaviour abſolutely broke the poor doctor's heart. Mr. Allworthy himſelf ſpoke to the captain in his brother's behalf, but to little purpoſe; and on his expreſſing much

much reſentment againſt an unforgiving temper, (being ignorant that ingratitude alone was at the bottom of the affair) the captain at laſt made a profeſſion of being reconciled to him. In private, however, he found ſo many opportunities of inſulting the unhappy doctor, that the houſe became inſupportable to him; and, pretending ſome excuſe of buſineſs for his departure, he ſet off for London, where he died ſoon after, a victim to his own treachery, and the ingratitude of his brother.

Mrs. Blifil was at length delivered of a boy; a circumſtance, which, though it gave great joy to Mr. Allworthy, did not, however, alienate his affections from the little foundling, to whom he had been god-father, had given his own name of Thomas, and whom he ſeldom failed of viſiting at leaſt once a day in his nurſery. On his propoſing that little Tommy and the new-born infant ſhould be bred up together, his ſiſter with ſome reluctance complied; and though the captain, utterly averſe to this meaſure, gave Mr. Allworthy frequent hints, that to adopt the fruits of ſin was to countenance it, yet the good man was not to be biaſſed from his benevolent purpoſe.

While the captain was taking all opportunities to get the little foundling removed from Mr. Allworthy's, Mrs. Deborah made an important diſcovery, which it may be neceſſary to trace from the fountain-head. The reader may remember, that Jenny Jones had lived ſome years with a certain ſchool-maſter, who had inſtructed her in Latin, and who, it was generally ſuppoſed, had rendered her a better ſcholar than himſelf. Notwithſtanding the profeſſion which this poor man had undertaken,

dertaken, learning was the leaſt of his commendations; yet he was one of the beſt natured fellows in the world, and at the ſame time maſter of ſo much pleaſantry and humour, that the neighbouring gentlemen being deſirous of his company, made him neglect his ſchool, which, thereby ſinking into decay, he was induced to perform likewiſe the offices of clerk and barber. Mr. Allworthy alſo, to render his ſituation ſtill more comfortable, added to his income an annuity of ten pounds, which honeſt Partridge (for ſo the ſchool-maſter was called) punctually received every Chriſtmas.

Among his other treaſures, the pedagogue had a wife, whom he had married out of Mr. Allworthy's kitchen, and to whom Jenny had been four years ſervant. The good woman had never entertained the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion of this girl, till one day at dinner, the maſter happened to ſay to his maid, *damitrialiquid potum*; upon which Jenny ſmiling, perhaps at the badneſs of the Latin, Mrs. Partridge fell into a fury, and diſcharged a trencher at poor Jenny's head, crying out, "You impudent whore, do you play tricks with my husband before my face?" and at the ſame inſtant up ſhe roſe with a knife in her hand, with which ſhe would probably executed very tragical vengeance, had not the girl taken the advantage of being next the door, and run away.

The husband, mean while, whether from ſurpriſe or fear, ſat ſtaring and trembling in his chair, till his wife, returning from the purſuit of Jenny, obliged him likewiſe to retreat, after the example of the maid; who, as ſhe found

was in vain to offer to make proteſtations of her innocence, betook herſelf to the buſineſs of packing; and, after receiving her ſmall pittance of wages, returned home. Mr. Partridge, to pleaſe his conſort, profeſſed a ſatisfaction in Jenny's being diſmiſſed; and as the good woman, now her paſſion was over, was willing to believe ſhe had wrongfully accuſed her husband, ſhe now continued longer in a ſtate of affability than poor Partridge had ever known before. But as perfect calms are always ſuſpected to be the forerunners of a ſtorm, ſo Mrs. Partridge, happening, one day, to be at a certain place of goſſiping, called a Chandler's Shop, was asked if ſhe had heard any news lately of Jenny Jones; to which having anſwered in the negative, the other replied, with a ſmile, that the Pariſh was much obliged to her for having turned Jenny away as ſhe did, and added, "Then you have not heard that ſhe has been brought to-bed of two baſtards?" "Two baſtards!" cried Mrs. Partridge. "Then I am ſure they muſt have been begotten here; for the wench has not been nine months gone away." Every circumſtance previous to the departure of Jenny preſently recurred to her in the moſt ſuſpicious light; and no longer entertaining a doubt of her husband's guilt, ſhe went away in confuſion. Partridge being at home on her return, ſhe flew upon him with the fury of a tyger. His wig was in an inſtant torn from his head, his ſhirt from his back, and from his head deſcended five ſtreams of blood. The poor fellow acted for ſome time on the

the defenſive only; but at length, getting poſſeſſion of her arms, her cap fell off in the ſtruggle; and, finding herſelf unable to proſecute her revenge, ſhe fell into a fit. On this, Partridge inſtantly ran into the ſtreet, calling for aſſiſtance; when ſeveral good women obeying the ſummons, and applying the uſual remedies, Mrs. Partridge, to the great joy of her husband, was brought to herſelf. No ſooner, however, had ſhe recollected her ſpirits, than ſhe began to inform the company of the manifold injuries ſhe had received from her husband; who, ſhe ſaid, not contented to injure her in her bed, upon her upbraiding him with it, had treated her in the cruelleſt manner imaginable, torn her cap and hair from her head, and given her ſeveral blows, the marks of which (appealing to Partridge's own blood on her face, as an evidence of his barbarity) ſhe ſhould carry to the grave; and though the poor man had not ſtruck her once, and perſiſted in his innocence, yet the women would not believe him, and all began at once to rebuke and revile him, repeating often, that "none but a coward ever ſtruck a woman;" and that, "if their husbands ſhould lift their hands againſt them, they would have their heart's blood out of their bodies."

A very few days had paſſed, before the whole country rung of the ſchool-maſter of Little Baldington. In ſome places, it was reported that he had murdered his wife; in others, that he had broke her arms; in others, her legs. The cauſe of this quarrel was likewiſe variouſly reported; ſome ſaying, that Mrs. Partridge had great

reaſon to be jealous of her husband, and ſome, that he had equal cauſe to be jealous of his wife.

Mrs. Wilkins had long heard of this quarrel; but from certain reaſons of her own, ſhe had thought proper to conceal it till now; when perceiving a ſtrong likelihood of the captain Blifil's being hereafter her maſter, and plainly diſcerning that he bore a great good will to the little foundling, acquainted him that ſhe had at length found out the true father of the *little baſtard*, which ſhe was ſorry, ſhe ſaid, to ſee her maſter loſe his reputation in the country by taking ſo much notice of. She acccordingly repeated to him every thing ſhe had heard upon the ſubject; and though the captain was highly pleaſed at what he heard, and reſolved to make his advantage of it, yet he ſhewed no ſatisfaction to Mrs. Deborah, and kept the whole affair for ſome time concealed, in hopes that Mr. Allworthy would hear of it from ſome other perſon. Finding the ſtory in danger of periſhing, however, he at laſt took an opportunity to reveal it himſelf.

One day in a diſcourſe with Mr. Allworthy on charity, in the courſe of which he took the liberty to blame that gentleman for his bounty to "the worthleſs fellow Partridge," he was asked who that Partridge was, whom he had called "a worthleſs fellow." — "I mean," ſaid the captain, "Partridge the barber, the ſchoolmaſter — Partridge, the father of the little child you found in your bed." —— Mr. Allworthy expreſſed great ſurpriſe at this account, and the captain as great at his ignorance of it. Upon this

this Wilkins was ſummoned, who having confirmed what the captain had ſaid, Partridge and his wife were ordered to attend before Mr. Allworthy, as well as Mrs. Deborah, who appeared as the accuſer.

The husband pleaded not guilty, making many vehement proteſtations of his innocence; but the wife, who was next examined, related all the circumſtances already mentioned, and concluded with her husband's having confeſſed his guilt. Partridge admitted the confeſſion; but proteſted, that he had been forced into it by her continued importunity, ſhe having vowed that ſhe would never leave tormenting him till he had owned it; and faithfully promiſed, that in ſuch caſe, ſhe would never mention it to him more; and added, that, from the ſame motive, he verily believed he ſhould have confeſſed a murder. Mrs. Partridge now called forth a plentiful ſupply of tears to her aſſiſtance; and, in a torrent of abuſe, exclaimed againſt the barbarity and wickedneſs of her husband, and the wrongs ſhe had ſuſtained from him. Mr. Allworthy promiſed that ſhe ſhould have juſtice; and, turning to Partridge, who ſtood aghaſt, he again exhorted him to confeſs, but to no purpoſe. The poor pedagogue appealed to heaven for his innocence, and laſtly to the girl herſelf, whom he deſired his worſhip to ſend for. The final determination of the matter was accordingly deferred till the arrival of Jenny, for whom Mr. Allworthy immediately diſpatched a meſſenger; and having recommended peace between Partridge and his wife, he ordered them to attend three days after. At the appointed time the parties aſſembled, when the meſſenger return-

ing, brought word, that Jenny was not to be found, having left her habitation a few days before, in company with a recruiting officer. On this, Mr. Allworthy declared, that the evidence of ſuch a ſlut as ſhe appeared to be, would have deſerved little credit; but that at any rate he was already ſatisfied of Partridge's guilt, and of his being too bad a man to deſerve encouragement from him. He therefore deprived him of his annuity, and recommended repentance to him, on account of another world, and induſtry to maintain himſelf and his wife in this.

There were few perſons more unhappy, perhaps, than poor Partridge. He had loſt the beſt part of his income by the evidence of his wife, and yet was daily upbraided by her for having been the occaſion of depriving her of that benefit: yet was he far from doubling his induſtry on that account; abandoning himſelf, in a manner, to deſpair, and loſing the little ſchool he had, neither his wife nor himſelf would have had bread to eat, had not Mr. Allworthy privately provided them with what was juſt ſufficient for their ſupport. By the death of his wife, however, which happened ſoon after, by the ſmall-pox, the miſeries of Partridge were conſiderably leſſened; and having now loſt his wife, his ſchool, and his annuity, he left the country.

Though the captain had effectually demoliſhed poor Partridge, yet he was ſo far from getting the little foundling turned out of the houſe, that Mr. Allworthy appeared every day fonder of little Tommy. This a good deal ſoured the captain's temper; for he looked on every inſtance of Mr. Allworthy's generoſity, as a diminution of his own

own wealth. In this he did not agree with his wife; nor indeed in any thing elſe: for though, before marriage, in their various diſputes on divinity, and other ſubjects, he had always given up his opinion to that of the lady, yet he now grew weary of this condeſcenſion, and began to treat the opinions of his wife with haughtineſs and inſolence. The lady ſaw this alteration in his behaviour, and ſhe was far from enduring it with a tame ſubmiſſion. They never loved or hated the ſame perſon; and therefore, becauſe the captain looked on the little foundling with an evil eye, his wife began to careſs it almoſt equally with her own child. As, from obvious reaſons, however, they were much upon their guard in the preſence of Mr. Allworthy, ſo their mutual animoſity gave but little uneaſineſs to that worthy man.

But for the unpleaſant minutes which he paſſed in the converſation of his wife, the captain made himſelf large amends by the pleaſant meditations he enjoyed when alone. Theſe were entirely employed on Mr. Allworthy's fortune, and on the alterations he intended to make in the houſe and gardens, when he ſhould get into poſſeſſion of them; for which latter purpoſe, he applied himſelf to the ſtudy of architecture and gardening, and at laſt completed a moſt excellent plan. As nothing was wanting to enable him to enter upon the immediate execution of this plan, but the death of Mr. Allworthy, ſo he purchaſed every book which treats of the value of lives and reverſions; and the reſult of his calculations was, that as he had every day a chance of this happening, ſo had he more than an even chance of

its

its happening within a few years. But while the captain was one evening taking a walk by himſelf, at the inſtant when his heart was exulting in meditations on the happineſs which would accrue to him by Mr. Allworthy's death, he was himſelf ſeized with an apoplexy, of which he inſtantly expired.

Mr. Allworthy, his ſiſter, and another lady, had waited a conſiderable time for the captain to come to ſupper; and at laſt growing uneaſy, orders were given that the bell ſhould be rung without the doors. This producing no effect, Mr. Allworthy went himſelf in ſearch of him, and ſent the ſervants different ways; for as he was always punctual at his meals, every body concluded, that ſome accident muſt have befallen him. At length, Mr. Allworthy returned, with a countenance full of conſternation; and preſently after, a ſervant came running in, and cried, the captain was found; and, before he could proceed, he was followed by two more, bearing the dead body between them, which Mrs. Blifil no ſooner ſaw, than, giving a violent ſhriek, ſhe fell into a fit.

The room was inſtantly full of ſervants, ſome of whom were employed in taking care of Mrs. Blifil, while others aſſiſted in carrying the captain to a warm bed; and though two doctors were ſent for, and every experiment tried, yet the captain was pronounced irrecoverably gone. The doctors being accordingly about to take their leave, Mr. Allworthy deſired them to viſit his ſiſter before their departure. This lady was now recovered of her fit; the doctors, however, preſcribed for her, and continued to attend her during

during a month; all which time ſhe was attended by nurſes, and all the decorations of ſickneſs.

The decent time for ſickneſs and immoderate grief being expired, the doctors were diſcharged, and the lady began to ſee company; being altered only from what ſhe was before by that colour of ſadneſs in which ſhe had dreſſed her countenance and perſon. Indeed through the whole ſeaſon in which grief is to make its appearance on the outſide of the body, ſhe conducted herſelf with the ſtricteſt regard to all the rules of cuſtom and decency, ſuiting the alterations of her countenance to the ſeveral alterations of her habit: for as this changed from weeds to black, from black to grey, from grey to white; ſo did her countenance change from diſmal to ſorrowful, from ſorrowful to ſad, and from ſad to ſerious, till the day came in which ſhe was allowed to return to her former ſerenity.

As Tom Jones, the hero of this little hiſtory, is now to be brought upon the ſtage, we are ſorry that truth obliges us to do it in a more diſadvantageous manner than we could wiſh. By the time he came to be about fourteen years of age, his diſpoſition and that of maſter Bliſil appeared in very different colours. Bliſil was ſober, diſcreet, and pious beyond his age; while Jones was ſo full of roguery and miſchief, that he was univerſally diſliked, and had not one friend among the ſervants, except the game keeper, who was himſelf a fellow of a very looſe diſpoſition.

Little Jones went one day aſhooting with the game-keeper; when, happening to ſpring a covey

covey of partridges near the edge of a manor belonging to Mr. Weſtern, a gentleman extremely zealous for the preſervation of the game, the birds flew into it, among ſome furze buſhes two or three hundred paces beyond Mr. Allworthy's grounds. Mr. Allworthy had given the fellow ſtrict orders, on pain of forfeiting his place, never to treſpaſs on any of his neighbours. On this occaſion, the young ſportſman, being exceſſively eager to purſue the game, was ſo importunate, that, yielding to his perſuaſions, he entered the manor, and ſhot one of the partridges.

Unfortunately, Mr. Weſtern was at that time on horſeback, at a little diſtance; and riding towards the place, he diſcovered poor Tom, for the game-keeper had the good fortune to conceal himſelf. Having ſearched the lad, and found the partridge upon him, he proceeded immediately to Mr. Allworthy's, and complained of the treſpaſs in as bitter language as if his houſe had been broke open; and added, that ſome other perſon was in his company, though he could not diſcover him.

At his return home, Tom was ſummoned before Mr. Allworthy; to whom he owned the fact, and alledged no excuſe but what was really true, that the covey was originally ſprung in Mr. Allworthy's own manor. He abſolutely denied, however, that there was any body with him; but the game-keeper being ſuſpected, was ſent for; and he, relying on Tom's promiſe to take all upon himſelf, reſolutely denied his having ſo much as ſeen him the whole afternoon. On this Mr. Allworthy, with more than uſual anger in

his

his countenance, again adviſed Tom to confeſs who was with him; but he ſtill maintaining his reſolution, was left till the next morning to conſider of it, when Mr. Allworthy told him he ſhould be queſtioned by another perſon, and in another manner.

Poor Jones ſpent a very melancholy night; and in the morning, when he attended the Rev. Mr. Thwackum, the perſon to whom Mr. Allworthy had committed the inſtruction of the two boys, the ſame queſtions were put to him as the evening before. On his returning the ſame anſwers alſo, he received a moſt ſevere whipping; which Tom bore with unſhaken reſolution, though his maſter asked him between every ſtroke whether he would not confeſs. Thwackum had carried his ſeverity much beyond Mr. Allworthy's intention; and the good man, beginning now to ſuſpect that the ſquire had been miſtaken, ſent for Tom, told him, after many kind exhortations, that he was convinced his ſuſpicions had wronged him, and gave him a little horſe to make him amends for the ſevere puniſhment he had undergone.

Tom could more eaſily bear the laſhes of Thwackum than the generoſity of Allworthy. The tears burſt from his eyes, and he fell upon his knees, crying, "Oh! Sir, you are too good to me. Indeed you are. Indeed I don't deſerve it." —— And, from the fullneſs of his heart, he would that inſtant have betrayed the ſecret, if the conſideration that thereby the poor gamekeeper would loſe his place had not ſealed his lips.

Some little time after this affair, a difference ariſing

ariſing at play, between maſter Blifil and Tommy, the former called Tommy a beggarly baſtard. Upon this, the latter gave maſter Blifil a bloody noſe; in conſequence of which, he ran to his uncle, and the tremendous Thwackum, with tears in his eyes, and complained loudly of the treatment he had received from Tom; who, in his excuſe, only alledged the provocation given. Maſter Blifil poſitively inſiſted that he had not made uſe of the above appellation; and Tom as poſitively affirmed that he had. To this maſter Blifil replied, "Thoſe who will tell one fib, will hardly ſtick at another." —— "What fib, child?" cried Thwackum, eagerly." ——— "Why he told you," ſaid he, "that nobody was with him when he killed the partridge; but he knows, for he confeſſed it to me, that black George, the game-keeper, was there."

At this Mr. Allworthy turned towards Tom, and ſaid, "Is this true, child? How came you to perſiſt ſo obſtinately in a falſehood?" —— Tom declared, "He ſcorned a lie as much as any one; but he thought his honour engaged, having promiſed the poor fellow to conceal him; to which he thought himſelf farther obliged, as the game-keeper had begged him not to go into the manor, and had at laſt gone himſelf, only in compliance with his perſuaſions, and to prevent farther miſchief." —— This, he ſaid, was the whole truth; and he concluded with earneſtly begging Mr. Allworthy to have compaſſion on the poor fellow's family. "Do, pray, Sir," cried he, "let me be puniſhed, take my little horſe again; but pray forgive poor George, who is entirely innocent."

Mr.

Mr. Allworthy heſitated a few moments, and then diſmiſſed the boys, adviſing them to live more friendly and peaceably together. Thwackum was exceedingly anxious to give Tom another whipping; but Mr. Allworthy was of opinion that the boy deſerved reward rather than puniſhment. Towards the game-keeper the good man behaved with greater ſeverity. Having ſummoned him into his preſence, with many bitter remonſtrances he paid him his wages, and diſmiſſed him from his ſervice; for Mr. Allworthy rightly obſerved, that there was a great difference between being guilty of a falſhood to excuſe one's ſelf, and to excuſe another. But his principal motive for being ſo ſevere, was, that the fellow had baſely ſuffered Tom to undergo ſo heavy a puniſhment for his ſake, when he ought to have prevented it, by making the diſcovery himſelf.

As the two young men grew up, Mrs. Blifil, probably from the averſion ſhe had entertained for her husband, ſhewed leſs affection for her ſon than for Tom; which Mr. Allworthy no ſooner perceived, than poor Jones began to ſink in his affections, as he roſe in her's; and this ſolely out of compaſſion for maſter Blifil, whom his mother abſolutely deteſted.

The little horſe which Tom had received from Mr. Allworthy, as a kind of ſmart-money, he kept above half a year, and then ſold him at a fair. Thwackum inſiſted on knowing what he had done with the money; but Tom frankly declared he would not tell him. On this Thwackum told him he would have it out of his breech; that being the place to which he always applied for information on doubtful occaſions. The poor

lad was already mounted on a ſootman's back, when Mr. Allworthy entering the room, gave him a reprieve; and taking him into another apartment, put the ſame queſtion to him which Thwackum had asked before. Tom anſwered, "He could in duty refuſe him nothing." "Dear Sir," added he, "I know the great obligations I have to you; and could the little horſe you gave me ſpeak, I am ſure he would tell you how fond I was of your preſent. It went to my heart to part with him; nor would I have ſold him on any account than what I did. Were you in my caſe, you would have done the ſame; for none ever ſo ſenſibly felt the misfortunes of others. What would you feel, dear Sir, if you thought yourſelf the occaſion of them.—Indeed, Sir, there never was any miſery like theirs." —— "Like whoſe, child," ſaid Allworthy, "what do you mean?" —— "Oh, Sir," anſwered Tom, "your poor game-keeper, with all his large family, ever ſince your diſcarding him, have been periſhing with cold and hunger. I could not bear to ſee them naked and ſtarving, while I knew myſelf the occaſion of all their ſufferings." Hear the tears ran down his cheeks; and he added, "It was to ſave them from abſolute deſtruction I ſold the horſe, and they had every farthing of the money." — Before Mr. Allworthy could ſpeak, the tears ſtarted from his eyes. At length, however, he diſmiſſed Tom with a gentle rebuke, adviſing him to apply to him in caſes of diſtreſs, rather than to uſe extraordinary means of relieving them himſelf.

Soon after this, an action was brought againſt the game-keeper by 'ſquire Weſtern for depreda-

tions

tions of a ſimilar nature with the former. This was a moſt unfortunate circumſtance for the fellow, as it prevented Mr. Allworthy from reſtoring him to his favour. For as that gentleman was walking out, one evening with maſter Bliſil and young Jones, the latter ſlily drew him to the habitation of Black George; where his wife and children were found in all the miſery of cold, hunger, and nakedneſs. Mr. Allworthy was deeply affected; and he immediately gave the mother a couple of guineas. The poor woman burſt into tears at this goodneſs, and could not refrain from expreſſing her gratitude to Tom; who had, ſhe ſaid, long preſerved both her and her's from ſtarving; for indeed, beſides the horſe, Tom had ſacrificed ſeveral other things to the uſe of this diſtreſſed family.

On their return home, Tom made uſe of all his eloquence to diſplay the wretchedneſs of theſe people, and the penitance of Black George himſelf; and in this he ſucceeded ſo well, that Mr. Allworthy promiſed to forgive him, and to think of ſome proviſion for him and his family. Jones was ſo delighted with this news, that though it was dark when they returned home, yet he could not help going back a mile, in a ſhower of rain, to acquaint the poor woman with the glad tidings. But the ill-fortune of Black George made uſe of the very opportunity of his friends abſence to overturn all again.

Maſter Bliſil, though he had kept ſilence in Tom's preſence, yet, now that he was gone, he ſet his wits to work, in order to diſappoint Jones, and baffle the good intentions of his uncle. Before Tom had ſold the horſe, the game-keeper,

it ſeems, in paſſing through a field belonging to Mr. Weſtern, had eſpied a hare ſitting in her form, which, being in want of bread, he had knocked on the head, and ſold to a higgler. This higgler being taken up many months after, with a quantity of game upon him, was obliged to make his peace with the 'ſquire, by becoming evidence againſt ſome poacher; and Black George was fixed upon, as the beſt ſacrifice he could make. In telling this ſtory, maſter Blifil forgot to mention the diſtance of the time; he likewiſe varied conſiderably in the manner of the fact, which in every reſpect was far leſs criminal than he repreſented. Theſe deviations from the truth might, however, have been ſet right, had not maſter Blifil inſiſted on a promiſe of ſecrecy from Mr. Allworthy, before he revealed the matter to him.

Short-lived then was the joy of Black George and his poor family; for Mr. Allworthy the next morning declared that he had freſh reaſon for his anger, and ſtrictly forbad Tom to mention George any more, whom, he ſaid, he would leave to the law, though he would endeavour to keep his family from ſtarving. Tom could not divine what had incenſed Mr. Allworthy; for of maſter Blifil he had not the leaſt ſuſpicion. However, as his friendſhip was to be tired out by no diſappointments, he now determined to try another method of preſerving the poor game-keeper from ruin.

Of late, Jones was grown very intimate with Mr. Weſtern, to whom he had greatly recommended himſelf, by leaping over five-barred gates, and other acts of ſportſmanſhip. Every thing which

which the 'ſquire held moſt dear, to wit, his guns, dogs, and horſes, were now as much at the command of Jones, as if they had been his own. He had alſo ſome influence on Miſs Sophia, Mr. Weſtern's only daughter, a young lady of about ſeventeen years of age, who, to the moſt exquiſite beauty, added the moſt exalted ſoul, and a mind fraught with every endearing quality which art and nature could beſtow. As her father, if we except the above neceſſary implements of ſport, loved his daughter beyond every thing in the world beſides, ſo Tom determined to apply to her on behalf of his friend the game-keeper, whom he hoped to introduce into Mr. Weſtern's family, in the ſame capacity in which he had formerly ſerved Mr. Allworthy.

In order to ſhew the propriety of Tom's conduct, on this occaſion, it may be neceſſary to mention ſome circumſtances previous to it. Though the different tempers of Mr. Allworthy and Mr. Weſtern did not admit of a very intimate correſpondence, yet as they lived upon a decent footing together, the young people of both families had been frequent play-mates from their infancy. Tom, when very young, had preſented Sophia with a little bird, which he had taken from the neſt, nurſed up and taught to ſing. Of this bird Sophia was ſo extremely fond, that her chief pleaſure was, to feed, tend, and play with it. By theſe means little Tommy, for ſo the bird was called, became ſo tame that it would feed out of the hand of its miſtreſs, perch upon her finger, and lie contented in her boſom.

One day, when Mr. Allworthy and his whole

family dined at Mr. Weſtern's, maſter Blifil, obſerving the extraordinary fondneſs ſhe ſhewed for her bird, deſired her to truſt it in his hands. Sophia, after ſome previous caution, delivered him the bird; of which he was no ſooner in poſſeſſion, than he ſlipt the ſtring from its leg (which ſhe kept there by way of ſecurity againſt its flying away) and toſſed it into the air. Sophia, ſeeing her bird gone, and perched on a bough at ſome diſtance, ſcreamed out ſo loud, that Tom Jones, who was at a little diſtance, immediately ran to her aſſiſtance. He was no ſooner informed of what had happened, than, calling Blifil a pitiful, malicious raſcal, he immediately began to climb the tree to which the bird had eſcaped.

Tom had almoſt recovered his little name-ſake, when the branch, on which it was perched, and under which there was a canal, broke, and the poor lad plumped over head and ears into the water. Sophia now ſcreamed ten times louder than before; and indeed maſter Blifil himſelf now ſeconded her with all the vociferation in his power. The company came all running in an alarm; but juſt as they had reached the canal, Tom found means to reach the ſhore. Mr. Allworthy asked maſter Blifil the reaſon of the diſturbance; who anſwered that "he had Miſs Sophia's bird in his hand, and thinking it languiſhed for liberty, he could not forbear giving it what it deſired; but that if he had imagined Miſs Sophia would have been ſo much concerned at it, he would never have done it, nor would he, if he had known what was to happen to the poor creature itſelf: for when maſter Jones fell into the water, the

the bird took a ſecond flight, and preſently a naſty hawk carried it away."—Poor Sophia, who now firſt heard of her little Tommy's fate; for her concern for Jones had prevented her perceiving it when it happened, ſhed a ſhower of tears; and on Mr. Allworthy's promiſing her a much finer bird, ſhe declared ſhe would never have another. Her father chid her for crying ſo for a fooliſh bird; but told young Blifil, "if he was a ſon of his, his backſide ſhould be well flea'd."

From this day Sophia began to have ſome little kindneſs for Tom, and no little averſion for his companion. Many accidents from time to time improved both theſe paſſions in her breaſt; and ſhe obſerved, when very young, that Tom, though an idle, thoughtleſs, rattling raſcal, was nobody's enemy but his own; while maſter Blifil, though a prudent, diſcreet, ſober young gentleman, was attached to his own intereſt only. After the above adventure of the bird, Sophia had been abſent upwards of three years with her aunt. She was now returned to her father, who gave her the command of his houſe, and placed her at the head of his table, where Tom often dined. She ſtill conſidered Tom (who began now at the age of nineteen to have the name of a pretty fellow among the women in the neighbourhood) as a lad of a noble ſpirit, while ſhe entertained the moſt contemptuous opinion of Blifil.

Matters were in this ſituation, when Tom one afternoon, finding Sophia alone, began, after a ſhort apology, to acquaint her that he had a favour to ask of her. The young lady ſuſpected, perhaps, that he intended to make love to her: for

for her colour forſook her cheeks, her limbs trembled, and her tongue would have faultered, if Tom had not immediately proceeded to inform her of his requeſt, which was, to ſolicit her intereſt on behalf of the game-keeper, that Mr. Weſtern might withdraw his action againſt him. Sophia preſently recovered from her confuſion, and with a ſmile full of ſweetneſs told him, that ſhe would do it with all her heart; that ſhe really pitied the poor fellow; and that the very day before ſhe had ſent a ſmall matter to his wife. Emboldened by this ſucceſs, our youth reſolved to puſh the matter farther, and begged her recommendation of him to her father's ſervice; proteſting he thought him one of the honeſteſt fellows in the country. This ſhe promiſed to attempt; and now, Mr. Jones, ſhe added, I muſt ask you a favour. Tom declared he would ſacrifice his life to oblige her, and, for the firſt time, eagerly kiſſed her hand.

The blood which before had forſaken the cheeks of Sophia, now tinged them with ſcarlet; and ſhe felt a ſenſation to which hitherto ſhe had been a ſtranger. She told him that the favour ſhe had to requeſt was, not to lead her father through ſo many dangers in hunting. For her ſake, ſhe therefore begged him to be more cautious; and as he well knew Mr. Weſtern would follow him, not to take ſuch dangerous leaps for the future. Tom faithfully promiſed to obey her commands, and departed highly charmed with his ſucceſs.

It was Mr. Weſtern's cuſtom every afternoon, as ſoon as he was drunk, to hear his daughter play on the harpſichord. His favourite tunes were,

Old

Old Sir Simon the King, *Bobbing Joan*, and the like. Sophia, who was a perfect miſtreſs of muſic, had learned all thoſe tunes to oblige him. Yet ſhe would now and then endeavour to lead him into her own taſte; and, when he required the repetition of his ballads, beg him to let her play ſomething elſe. This evening, however, ſhe played all his favourites three times over; which ſo pleaſed the ſquire, that he gave her a kiſs, and ſwore her hand was greatly improved. She took this opportunity to execute her promiſe to Tom, in which ſhe ſucceeded ſo well, that the ſquire declared if ſhe would give him the other bout of *Old Sir Simon*, he would give the game-keeper his deputation the next morning. Sir Simon was played again and again, till the charms of the muſic ſoothed Mr. Weſtern to ſleep. In the morning, Sophia did not fail to remind him of his engagement; in conſequence of which, the proceedings againſt George were ſtopped, and he was appointed Mr. Weſtern's game-keeper.

Tom's ſucceſs in this affair made great noiſe; ſome applauding it a an act of good-nature, and others with a ſneer obſerving, "It was no wonder, that one idle fellow ſhould love another." Blifil and Thwackum repreſented it as flying in Mr. Allworthy's face, and declared it was impoſſible to find any other motive for doing good to ſuch a wretch. Mr. Allworthy, however, declared himſelf well ſatisfied with what Jones had done; and added, that the perſeverance and integrity of his friendſhip was highly commendable.

Mr. Weſtern, mean while, grew every day fonder and fonder of Sophia: his beloved dogs them-

themſelves almoſt giving place to her in his affections; but as he could not prevail on himſelf to abandon theſe, he contrived very cunningly to enjoy their company, together with that of his daughter, by inſiſting on her riding a hunting with him. Sophia, to whom her father's word was a law, complied with his deſires; and ſhe hoped that her preſence would reſtrain his impetuoſity, and prevent him from ſo frequently hazarding his neck. On the ſecond day of her hunting, her horſe fell ſuddenly to prancing and capering, and ſhe was in the moſt imminent peril of falling. Tom Jones, who ſaw this, galloped up to her aſſiſtance, leaped from his own horſe, and caught hold of her's by the bridle. The unruly beaſt preſently reared himſelf on his hind legs, threw his lovely burthen, and Jones caught her in his arms.

Sophia was ſo affected with the fright, that ſhe was not immediately able to ſatisfy Jones whether ſhe had received any hurt. On recovering her ſpirits ſoon after, however, ſhe thanked him for the care he had taken of her. — "If I have preſerved you, Madam," replied Jones, "I am ſufficiently repaid; for I would have ſecured you from the leaſt harm, at the expence of a much greater misfortune than I have ſuffered." —— "What misfortune?" cried Sophia eagerly. "Be not concerned, madam," reſumed Tom, "Heaven be praiſed you have eſcaped ſo well. If I have broke my arm, I conſider it as a trifle, in compariſon of what I feared on your account." —— Sophia then ſcreamed out, "Broke your arm! Heaven forbid." — "I am afraid I have," ſaid Jones; "but I have a right hand to help you into

into the next field, where we have but a very little walk to your father's houſe." Sophia, ſeeing his left arm dangling by his ſide, trembled ſo, that Jones could ſcarce ſupport her with the other. By this time Mr. Weſtern, who had been much alarmed by meeting his daughter's horſe without it's rider, was returned with the reſt of the horſemen. He was over-joyed to find her unhurt; and cried out, in his Somerſetſhire dialect, "If Tom hath broken his arm, we will get a joiner to mendum again."

This accident had a great effect on Sophia, whoſe generoſity of temper conſtrued Jones's behaviour on the occaſion into great bravery; at this very time too the lovely Sophia made no leſs impreſſion on the heart of Tom himſelf, who had for ſome time become ſenſible of the irreſiſtible power of her charms. When they arrived in Mr. Weſtern's hall, Sophia ſunk down in a chair; but by the help of hartſhorn and water, ſhe had pretty well recovered when the ſurgeon who was ſent for to Jones appeared. The 'ſquire adviſed her to be preſently blooded, and was ſeconded by the ſurgeon. The lady, though ſhe at firſt offered ſome objections, ſoon yielded to her father's command; and the operation being performed, ſhe immediately retired: for ſhe was not willing nor perhaps was it ſtrictly decent, to be preſent at the operation on Jones. Indeed one objection ſhe had to bleeding, though ſhe did not name it, was the delay which it would occaſion in dreſſing the broken bone. But when Sophia was concerned, Weſtern had no concern but for her.

The ſurgeon now ordered his patient to be ſtripped; and he entirely baring the arm, he began

gan to ſtretch and examine it in ſuch a manner that Jones made ſeveral wry faces; regardleſs of which, and the torture he put him to, the operator began a long and learned lecture upon ſimple and double fractures, and the ſeveral other ways in which Jones might have broken his arm. Having at length finiſhed his laboured harangue, he proceeded to buſineſs; and the arm being ſet, Jones was ordered to bed, which Mr. Weſtern compelled him to accept at his houſe, and ſentence of water-gruel was paſſed upon him.

Tom had many viſitors during his confinement. Mr. Allworthy ſaw him almoſt every day; but though he pitied his ſufferings, and greatly approved the gallant behaviour which had occaſioned them, yet he thought this was a favourable opportunity to bring him to a ſober ſenſe of certain youthful indiſcretions of which he had been guilty. This he did, however, in the mildeſt and tendereſt manner. Mr. Blifil viſited his friend Jones but ſeldom, and never alone; and though he profeſſed much regard for him, and concern at his misfortune, yet he cautiouſly avoided any intimacy, leſt, as he frequently hinted, it might contaminate the ſobriety of his own character. As to ſquire Weſtern, he was ſeldom out of the ſick room, unleſs when he was engaged either in the field, or over his bottle.

As ſoon as Jones was able to ſit up, he was abundantly compenſated for all his ſufferings by the company of Sophia, whom the ſquire then brought to viſit him; nor was it long before he was able to attend her to the harpſichord, where ſhe would kindly condeſcend, for hours together, to charm him with the moſt delicious muſic.

Not-

Notwithſtanding the niceſt guard which Sophia endeavoured to ſet on her behaviour, ſhe could not help letting ſome appearances ſlip forth; and what was denied a vent at her lips, her eyes, her bluſhes, and many little involuntary actions, betrayed.

One day, Mrs. Honours, Sophia's waiting maid, who was another of Jones's viſitants during his confinement, finding him alone in his room, entertained him with a long ſtory about her miſtreſs; in the courſe of which ſhe recommended him, that, ſome little time before, he had taken up a muff, which the young lady had given to her, and which, as having belonged to Sophia, he had put his hands, and kiſſed with great extaſy. This circumſtance ſhe now acknowledged ſhe had told to her lady; adding, that a day or two after ſhe had quarrelled with her new muff, given it to her, and taken back her old one, which ſhe now conſtantly wore upon her arm. Here the converſation was interrupted by Mr. Weſtern, who came to ſummon Jones to the harpſichord; whither, enraptured at what he had heard, the poor young fellow went all pale and trembling.

Sophia looked this evening with more than uſual beauty; and we may believe it was no ſmall addition to her charms, in the eye of Mr. Jones, that ſhe had now this very muff on her right arm. As ſhe was playing one of her father's favourite tunes, and he was leaning over her chair, the muff fell over her fingers, and put her out; which ſo diſconcerted the ſquire, that with a hearty curſe he threw it into the fire. Sophia inſtantly ſtarted up, and with the utmoſt eagerneſs reco-

vered it from the flames; an incident, which, however trifling it may appear to ſome readers, had a violent effect on poor Jones. Sophia was now the abſolute miſtreſs of his heart. Yet the aſſurance of his paſſion being returned, could not leſſen his deſpair of obtaining the conſent of her father, nor the horrors which attended his purſuit of her by any baſe or treacherous method. Though he reſolved to conceal his paſſion, and to appear more reſerved than ever to Sophia, yet at her approach he grew pale; if his eyes accidentally met her's, the blood ruſhed into his cheeks; and if common civility obliged him to ſpeak to her, his tongue was ſure to faulter. All theſe ſymptoms eſcaped the notice of the ſquire; but not ſo of Sophia, who perceived the agitations of mind in Jones, and was at no loſs to diſcover the cauſe. This highly endeared him to her; and ſhe ſoon felt for him all thoſe tender ſenſations which can poſſeſs a virtuous and an elevated mind.

One day, this young couple accidentally met in the garden, at the end of two walks which were bounded by that canal in which Jones had formerly riſqued drowning to recover Sophia's little bird. They were almoſt cloſe together, before either of them knew of the other's approach. As ſoon as Jones had a little recovered his firſt ſurpriſe, he accoſted the young lady with the ordinary forms of ſalutation, which ſhe in the ſame manner returned. When they came to the tree whence he had tumbled into the canal, Sophia could not help reminding him of that accident, and ſaid, "I fancy, Mr. Jones, you have ſome little ſhuddering when you ſee that water."——

He

He aſſured her that the concern ſhe felt at the loſs of her little bird, would always appear to him the principal circumſtance in that adventure. "Poor little Tommy," ſaid he, "there is the branch he ſtood on. How could the little wretch have the folly to fly from that ſtate of happineſs in which I had the honour to place him? His fate was a juſt puniſhment for his ingratitude."—— "Upon my word, Mr. Jones," returned ſhe, "your gallantry very narrowly eſcaped as ſevere a fate. Sure the remembrance muſt affect you?— "Indeed, madam," ſaid he, "if I have any reaſon to reflect on it with ſorrow, it is, perhaps, that the water had not been a little deeper, by which I might have eſcaped many bitter heart-aches that fortune ſeems to have in ſtore for me."— "Fie, Mr. Jones," reſumed Sophia, "this affected contempt of life is only an exceſs of that complaiſance, by which you would leſſen the obligation of having twice ventured it for my ſake. Beware the third time."

She ſpoke theſe laſt words with a ſmile and ſoftneſs inexpreſſible. Jones anſwered with a ſigh, "He feared it was too late for caution;" and, looking tenderly and ſtedfaſtly on her, added, "Oh! Miſs Weſtern, can you deſire me to live? Can you wiſh me ſo ill?"——Sophia, looking down on the ground, anſwered, with ſome heſitation, "Indeed, Mr. Jones, I do not wiſh you ill."—— "Oh! I know too well that heavenly temper," returned he, "that divine goodneſs which is beyond every other charm."— "Nay, now," anſwered ſhe, "I underſtand you not. I can ſtay no longer.... I.——." Jones declared that he would not be underſtood, that he

knew not what he ſaid, and begged her to pardon him, if he had ſaid any thing to offend her. Sophia in return acknowledged, that ſhe was not offended, and deſired him to let her make the beſt of her way into the houſe, whither he inſtantly conducted her.

Though Mr. Jones's arm had long been cured, yet Mr. Weſtern was unwilling to loſe his company; and the youth was eaſily perſuaded to continue at his houſe, which he did ſometimes for a fortnight together, without paying a ſingle viſit at Mr. Allworthy's. That gentleman had been for ſome day's indiſpoſed with a cold, attended with a ſlight fever; which being neglected, the fever encreaſed ſo much, that when the phyſician was ſent for, he ſhook his head, wiſhed that he had been ſent for ſooner, and intimated that he thought him in very imminent danger. Mr. Allworthy, who had ſettled all his affairs in this world, and was as well prepared, as it is poſſible for human nature to be for the other, received this information with the utmoſt calmneſs, and gave immediate orders for all his family to be ſummoned round him. None of theſe were abroad but Mrs Blifil, who had been ſome time in London, and Mr. Jones, who received this ſummons juſt as Sophia had left him. The ſervant telling him, that Mr. Allworthy was dying, he hurried inſtantly into the chariot, and ordered the coachman to drive with all imaginable ſpeed; nor did the idea of Sophia, ſo greatly was he alarmed at the ſuppoſed danger of his benefactor, once occur to him on the way.

And now the whole family being aſſembled round his bed, the good man ſat up in it, when

Blifil

Blifil fell to blubbering, and began to expreſs very loud and bitter lamentations. Upon this Mr. Allworthy ſhook him by the hand, and ſaid, "Do not ſorrow thus, my dear nephew, at the moſt ordinary of all human occurrences; death is unavoidable, and is that common lot in which the fortunes of all men agree. My phyſician having informed me, that I am in danger of leaving you all very ſhortly, I have determined to ſay a few words to you at this our parting, concerning my will."—He then told Mr. Blifil, that he had left him the heir to his whole eſtate, except five hundred a year, which was to revert to him after the death of his mother, an eſtate of five hundred a year alſo, and ſix thouſand pounds in caſh.—"The eſtate of five hundred a year, I have given to you, Mr. Jones," ſaid the benevolent Allworthy: "And as I know the inconvenience which attends the want of ready money, I have added one thouſand in ſpecie. In this I know not whether I have exceeded or fallen ſhort of your expectations. Perhaps you will think I have given you too little, and the world will be as ready to think I have given you too much.—Pardon me the bare mention of this, I will not ſuſpect any ſuch thing."

Jones flung himſelf at his benefactor's feet, and taking eagerly hold of his hand, aſſured him, his goodneſs both now, and at all other times, had ſo infinitely exceeded, not only his merit, but his hopes, that no words could expreſs his ſenſe of it. "And I aſſure you, Sir," added he, "your preſent generoſity hath left me no other concern than for the preſent melancholy occaſion.—Oh! my friend! my father!"—Here his words choaked

him; and he turned away to hide a tear which was ſtarting from his eyes.—"I am convinced, my child," continued Allworthy, gently ſqueezing his hand, "that you have much goodneſs, generoſity, and honour in your temper; if you will add to theſe, prudence and religion, you muſt be happy."

After he had enumerated a few more particulars of his will to the company, a footman came haſtily into the room, and ſaid there was an attorney from Salisbury in a violent hurry, who had a particular meſſage to communicate to Mr. Allworthy himſelf. Allworthy deſired Blifil to ſee what he wanted; obſerving, that he was incapable of ſeeing any one at preſent, and that he ſhould be glad to compoſe himſelf a little.—Jones was the laſt man who deſerted the room. Thence he retired to his own apartment, to give vent to his concern; but the reſtleſſneſs of his mind not ſuffering him to remain long there, he ſlipped ſofily to Mr. Allworthy's door, where he liſtened a conſiderable time, without hearing any kind of noiſe but a violent ſnoring, which at laſt his fears miſrepreſented as groans. This ſo alarmed him, that he could not forbear entering the room; where he found the good man in a ſweet compoſed ſleep, and his nurſe ſnoring at the bed's feet. He immediately took the only method of ſilencing her; and then, ſitting down by the nurſe, he remained motionleſs till Blifil and the doctor came in together, and waked the ſick man; the former, that he might feel his pulſe, (which having done, he declared, that the laſt application had ſucceeded to a miracle, and that there now appeared to be as little danger as he had before apprehended there were much)

and

and the latter, that he might communicate to him a piece of news, which, had Jones been apprized of it, would hardly have found its way to Mr. Allworthy's ear at ſuch a ſeaſon.

Mr. Allworthy had no ſooner lifted up his eyes, and thanked heaven for the hopes of his recovery, than Mr. Blifil drew near, and with a very dejected aſpect, applied his handkerchief to his eyes, and informed his uncle, that his mother was dead at Salisbury; where, having been ſeized, on the road home, with the gout in her head and ſtomach, it had carried her off in a few hours. Mr. Allworthy received the news with concern, with patience, with reſignation; and dropping a tender tear, cried, "the Lord's will be done!"

When Jones heard Blifil tell his uncle the above particulars, he could hardly contain his wrath at the other's indiſcretion; eſpecially as the doctor ſhook his head, and declared his unwillingneſs to have the matter mentioned to his patient; but finding that it produced no miſchief, he ſuffered his anger to die in his own boſom, without ever mentioning it to Blifil. The phyſician dined that day at Mr. Allworthy's; and having after dinner viſited his patient, he ſaid that he could now with aſſurance ſay, that his patient was entirely ſafe, that he had brought the fever to a perfect intermiſſion, and doubted not, by throwing in the bark, to prevent its return.

Though Mr. Allworthy's ſituation had never been ſo bad as the great caution of the doctor had repreſented it, yet this account threw Jones into ſuch immoderate exceſs of rapture, that he might be truly ſaid to be drunk with joy: an intoxication, which greatly forwards the effects of wine;

wine; and as he drank many bumpers to the doctor's health, as well as to other toaſts, he ſoon became literally drunk. Jones had naturally violent animal ſpirits; theſe being now ſet on float, produced moſt extravagant effects. He kiſſed the doctor, ſwearing, that, next to Mr. Allworthy, he loved him of all men living; and that Allworthy he loved better than his own ſoul. —— "More ſhame for you," cries the Rev. Mr. Thwackum. "Though I think you have reaſon to love him; for he hath provided well for you."—Jones now, looking on Thwackum with inconceivable diſdain, anſwered, "And doth thy mean ſoul imagine that any ſuch conſiderations could weigh with me? No, let the earth open, and ſwallow her own dirt (if I had millions of acres I would ſay it) rather than ſwallow up my dear glorious friend."

The doctor now interpoſed, and prevented the effects of a wrath which was kindling between Jones and Thwackum; after which the former ſung two or three amorous ſongs, and fell into every frantic diſorder which unbridled joy is apt to inſpire; but ſo far was he from any diſpoſition to quarrel, that he was ten times better humoured, if poſſible, than when he was ſober. Mr. Blifil was, however, highly offended at a behaviour, which was ſo inconſiſtent with the prudent reſerve of his own temper.

He bore it too with the greater impatience, as it appeared to him very indecent at a ſeaſon, when, as he ſaid, "the houſe was a houſe of mourning, on account of his dear mother; and if it had pleaſed heaven to give ſome proſpect of Mr. Allworthy's recovery, it would become him

better

better to expreſs exultation of his heart in thanks-giving than in drunkenneſs and riot."

Wine had not ſo totally overpowered Jones, as to prevent his recollecting on Mr. Blifil's loſs; and as no perſon was more ready to confeſs and condemn his own errors, he offered to ſhake him by the hand, and begged his pardon; ſaying, "his exceſſive joy for Mr. Allworthy's recovery had driven every other thought out of his mind." — Blifil ſcornfully rejected his hand, and with much indignation anſwered, "It was little to be wondered at, if tragical ſpectacles made no impreſſions on the blind; but for his part, he knew who his parents were, and conſequently muſt be affected with their loſs." — Jones, who, notwithſtanding his good humour, had ſome mixture of the iraſcible in his conſtitution, leaped haſtily from his chair, and catching hold of Blifil's collar, cried out, "You raſcal, do you inſult me with the misfortune of my birth?" — He accompanied theſe word's with ſuch rough actions, as roufed Mr. Blifil's temper; and a ſcuffle enſued, which might have produced miſchief, had it not been for Thwackum, and the phyſician, by whoſe mediation a truce was agreed on, and peace and harmony at length reſtored.

But to return to Mr. Weſtern, and his family. At this time the ſquire's ſiſter was at his houſe on a viſit. This lady was of a very different turn from her brother; ſhe had lived about the court, and had ſeen the world; ſhe was a perfect miſtreſs of manners, cuſtoms, ceremonies, and faſhions; ſhe had read all the modern plays, operas, and romances, beſides political pamphlets and journals, could diſcourſe very learnedly on the

the affairs of Europe, and was moreover excellently well skilled in the doctrine of amour.

By means of this wonderful ſagacity, Mrs. Weſtern, who was herſelf an old maid, had now, as ſhe thought, made a diſcovery of ſomething in the mind of Sophia; and having taken it into her head, that ſhe was in love with Mr. Blifil, ſhe at length told her brother that ſhe was never more deceived in her life if her niece was not deſperately in love. — "In love!" cries Weſtern in a paſſion — "in love, without acquainting me! Is all my kindneſs *vor ur*, and *vondneſs* come to this, to fall in love without my leave!" — "But ſuppoſe," replied Mrs. Weſtern, "ſhe ſhould have fixed on the very perſon whom you yourſelf would wiſh, I hope you would not be angry then." —— "No, no," cries Weſtern, "if ſhe marries the man I would *ha' her*, ſhe may love whom ſhe pleaſes."

The lady then mentioned Mr. Blifil, and related ſome circumſtances, which, ſhe imagined, confirmed her opinion; on which the ſquire expreſſed his ſatisfaction, and added, that he knew Sophia was a good girl, and would not fall in love to make him angry. So impatient was the ſquire to communicate the affair to Mr. Allworthy, that Mrs. Weſtern had the utmoſt difficulty to prevent him from viſiting that gentleman in his ſickneſs. Sophia, mean while, having from certain obſcure hints thrown out by her aunt, collected ſome apprehenſion that ſhe ſuſpected her paſſion for Jones, reſolved to put an entire conſtraint on her behaviour. Mr. Allworthy, on his recovery, paying them a viſit, Sophia accordingly addreſſed the whole of her diſcourſe to Blifil,

Blifil, without taking the leaſt notice of Jones the whole day. The ſquire was ſo delighted with this conduct of his daughter, that he did nothing but convey ſigns of his approbation by winks and nods to his ſiſter.

Being now thoroughly convinced of the truth of what his ſiſter had told him, he took Mr. Allworthy aſide, and very bluntly propoſed a match between Sophia and young Blifil. Mr. Allworthy liſtened to him without any viſible emotion He ſaid the alliance was ſuch as he ſincerely wiſhed; then launched forth into an encomium on the young lady's merit; acknowledged the offer to be advantageous in point of fortune; and after thanking him for the good opinion he had profeſſed of his nephew, concluded, that if the young people liked each other, he ſhould be very deſirous to compleat the affair. Though Weſtern was a little diſappointed at Mr. Allworthy's anſwer, which was not ſo warm as he expected, yet they parted in a mutual good underſtanding. As ſoon as Mr. Allworthy returned home, he took Mr. Blifil apart; and while he communicated to him Mr. Weſtern's propoſal, informed him how agreeable it would be to himſelf. Blifil, on whom the charms of Sophia had not made the leaſt impreſſion, anſwered, that matrimony was a ſubject on which he had not yet thought, but that he would in every thing ſubmit to his pleaſure. Mr. Allworthy, who was himſelf naturally a man of ſpirit, could not help launching forth into the praiſes of Sophia, and expreſſing ſome wonder that the heart of a young man could be impregnable to the force of ſuch charms, unleſs it was guarded by ſome prior affection.

fection. Blifil aſſured him he had no ſuch guard; and then diſcourſed ſo wiſely and religiouſly on love and marriage, that in the end the good man was ſatisfied, his nephew, far from having any objections to Sophia, had that eſteem for her, which in ſober and virtuous minds is the foundation of friendſhip and love.

Mrs. Weſtern, mean while, had a very intereſting converſation with Sophia, whom ſhe ſurpriſed in her chamber reading. After ſome introductory diſcourſe, ſhe entered on the ſubject of love, and told Sophia that ſhe had not a thought with which ſhe was not thoroughly acquainted, and that though ſhe had impoſed on her father, ſhe could not impoſe on her. Obſerving her bluſhes, ſhe added, that it was a paſſion ſhe needed not be aſhamed of; it was a paſſion, which ſhe herſelf approved, and had obtained her father's approbation of; for indeed he was a charming fellow, and that very afternoon her father had appointed him to wait upon her. Sophia owned that ſhe knew none with ſuch perfections: ſo brave, and yet ſo gentle; ſo witty, yet ſo inoffenſive; ſo humane, ſo genteel, ſo handſome! — "What ſignifies," added ſhe, "his being baſe-born, when compared with ſuch qualifications as theſe?" — "Baſe-born! What do you mean?" ſaid the aunt — "Mr. Blifil baſe-born!" —— Sophia inſtantly turned pale, and faintly repeated the word, "Blifil!" — "Blifil, ay Mr. Blifil, of whom elſe have we been talking?" cried the aunt.—"Good heavens," anſwered Sophia, ready to ſink, "of Mr. Jones, I thought." — "I proteſt," cries Mrs. Weſtern, "you frighten me. And is it poſſible you can think of diſgracing your family

family by allying yourſelf to a baſtard, and to have the aſſurance to own it to my face!"——"What I have ſaid, madam," reſumed Sophia, trembling, "you have extorted from me. Whatever were my thoughts of that poor unhappy young man, I intended to have carried them with me to my grave - - - - to that grave where now I find I am only to ſeek repoſe."

All this tender ſorrow raiſed no compaſſion in Mrs. Weſtern: on the contrary, ſhe fell into the moſt violent rage. "And I," cried ſhe, in a moſt vehement voice, "would rather follow you to your grave than ſee you diſgrace your family by ſuch a match."——Here ſhe run on a full quarter of an hour, and concluded with threatening to go immediately and acquaint her brother. Sophia then threw herſelf at her feet, and laying hold of her hands, begged her, with tears, to conceal what ſhe had drawn from her; urging the violence of her father's temper, and proteſting, that no inclination of her's ſhould ever prevail with her to do any thing to offend him. Mrs. Weſtern told her, that on one condition ſhe would keep the ſecret, which was, her promiſing to entertain Mr. Blifil that very afternoon as her lover. Poor Sophia, who was too much in her aunt's power to deny her any thing poſitively, promiſed to be as civil to him as poſſible; and Mrs. Weſtern, having aſſured her that, as the match was fully agreed upon, nothing could or ſhould prevent it, took her leave.

In the afternoon, Mr. Weſtern, for the firſt time, acquainted his daughter with his intention. Sophia looked very grave; nor could ſhe prevent a few pearls from ſtealing into her eyes.

" Come, come," ſays Weſtern, " none of your maideniſh airs. Mr. Blifil will ſoon put an end to your ſqueamiſhneſs. Come, chear up, chear up, I expect *un* every minute."——Nor was it long before Mr. Blifil did arrive; on which Mr. Weſtern with-drawing, the young couple were left together. After a long ſilence of near a quarter of an hour, he broke out into a torrent of far-fetched, high-ſtrained compliments, which Sophia anſwered by down-caſt looks, half bows, and civil monoſyllables. Blifil, from his conceit of himſelf, took this behaviour for a modeſt aſſent to his courtſhip; and when ſhe haſtily roſe and left the room, he imputed that too merely to baſhfulneſs, and comforted himſelf that he ſhould ſoon have enough of her company.

Mr. Weſtern took care to way-lay the lover at his exit from his miſtreſs; and the old gentleman found him ſo ſatisfied with her reception of him, that he began to caper and dance about the hall. He went inſtantly in queſt of his daughter, on whom he poured forth the moſt extravagant raptures, and proteſted ſhe was his only joy on earth. Sophia, perceiving her father in this fit of affection, which ſhe did not abſolutely know the reaſon of, thought ſhe ſhould never have a better opportunity of diſcloſing herſelf than at preſent. After having thanked the ſquire, therefore, for all his profeſſions of kindneſs, ſhe added, " And is it poſſible my papa can be ſo good to place all his joy in his Sophia's happineſs?" which Weſtern having confirmed by a great oath and a kiſs, ſhe then laid hold of his hand, and, falling on her knees, begged him

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" not to make her the moſt miſerable creature on earth, by forcing her to marry a man whom ſhe deteſted. I cannot live with Mr. Blifil. To force me into this marriage would be killing me." —— Her father ſpurning her from him, in a fit of rage and aſtoniſhment, "Oh! Sir," cried Sophia, catching hold of the skirt of his coat, " take pity on me, I beſeech you. Can the beſt of fathers break my heart? Mr. Blifil is not even indifferent; I hate and deteſt him." — " If you deteſt *un* never ſo much," cries Weſtern, " you ſhall *ha'un*. I am reſolved upon the match, and unleſs you conſent to it I will not give you a ſingle farthing." —— He then broke from her with ſuch violence, that her face daſhed againſt the floor, and poor Sophia was left proſtrate on the ground.

On his return into the hall, he found Jones, whom he immediately acquainted with the whole matter; then bidding him go and try what he could do with her, ſwore that he would turn her out of doors unleſs ſhe conſented to the match.— Jones, to whom all the reſolutions which had been taken in favour of Blifil had been hitherto a ſecret, was almoſt ſtruck dead with the news. On entering the room, he found Sophia juſt riſen from the floor, with the tears trickling from her eyes, and the blood running from her lips.—— " O my Sophia," cried he, with a voice full at once of tenderneſs and terrour, " what means this dreadful ſight!" —— With a look of ſoftneſs ſhe beſeeched him to leave her that moment. — " O Mr. Jones," added ſhe, burſting into an agony — " Why did you ſave my life? — my death would have been happier for us both."

On her again urging him to leave her, he informed her that he had been ſent by her father to be an advocate for his odious rival; and at length he prevailed on her to promiſe, that ſhe would never give herſelf to Blifil.

Soon after Jones had left Mr. Weſtern his ſiſter came to him; and on being informed of all that had paſſed between her brother and Sophia, ſhe thought herſelf at liberty to reveal what ſhe knew of her niece's love for Mr. Jones. The idea of a marriage between Jones and his daughter, had never once entered into the ſquire's head, either in the warmeſt minutes of his affection towards him, or from ſuſpicion, or on any other occaſion. He became therefore like one thunderſtruck at his ſiſter's relation; and the firſt uſe he made of the power of ſpeech was to diſcharge a round volley of oaths and imprecations. After which he proceeded haſtily to the apartment, where he expected to find the lovers, roaring forth intentions of revenge every ſtep he went.

The ſquire having burſt open the door, beheld an object which inſtantly ſuſpended all his fury againſt Jones; this was the ghaſtly appearance of Sophia, who hearing the noiſe of her father, had fainted away in her lover's arms. He roared for help with his utmoſt violence; ran firſt to his daughter, then back to the door, calling for water, and then back again to Sophia, never conſidering in whoſe arms ſhe was. Mrs. Weſtern and Sophia ſoon came to the aſſiſtance of Sophia; who in a few minutes began to recover. No ſooner was Weſtern cured of his immediate fears for his daughter, who was now led off by Mrs. Weſtern and her maid, than, relapſing into his former

former phrenſy, an immediate battle with Jones muſt have enſued, had not Mr. Supple, a parſon in the neighbourhood, been preſent, and by mere force reſtrained the ſquire from acts of hoſtility; Jones advanced in a very ſuppliant manner to Mr. Weſtern, whom the parſon held in his arms, and begged him to be pacified.—"I *will* have ſatisfaction *o'thee*," anſwered the ſquire, "ſo *doff* thy clothes. *At unt* half a man, and I'll lick thee as well as waſt ever licked in thy life." — He then beſpattered the youth with abundance of abuſive language; to all which Jones very calmly anſwered, "This uſage may perhaps cancel the obligations you have conferred on me; but I will not be provoked by your abuſe to lift my hand againſt the father of Sophia."—At theſe words, the ſquire grew ſtill more outrageous; ſo that the parſon begged Jones to retire. Jones accepted this advice, and immediately departed; when the ſquire, having regained the liberty of his hands, declared, that "he ſhould certainly have beat his brains out, and that it would have vexed one confoundedly, to have been hanged for ſuch a raſcal"

Mr. Allworthy after breakfaſt the next morning had juſt received an account from Mr. Blifil of his ſucceſsful viſit to Sophia, when Weſtern broke abruptly in upon them and without any ceremony cried, "You have brought up your baſtard to a fine purpoſe; not that I believe you had any hand in it neither, deſignedly; but there's a fine kettle of fiſh made *o't* up at our houſe." — "What can be the matter, Mr. Weſtern?" ſaid Allworthy. — "O matter *enow* of all conſcience," returned the ſquire; "my daughter has

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ſallen in love with your baſtard, that's all, but I won't *ge* her a *hapenny*. I always tnought what would come o'breeding up a baſtard like a gentleman, and letting *un* come to *volk's* houſes. Its well *vor un* I could not get at *un*, I'd *a likedun*, I'd a ſpoil'd his caterwauling."—Allworthy expreſſed his amazement at this intelligence, after what had paſſed between his nephew and the young lady the day before, and ſaid he wiſhed Mr. Weſtern had not given him ſo many opportunities with her. "Why, zounds!" cries Weſtern, "who could have thought it? What the devil had ſhe to do with *wi'n?* He did not come there a courting to her, he came there a hunting with me."——— "But was it poſſible," ſaid Allworthy, "that you ſhould never diſcern any ſymptoms of love between them?" —"Never in my life," cried Weſtern. 'I never ſo much as *ſeed* him kiſs her in all my life; and as for the girl, ſhe was always leſs civil *to'n* than to an young man that came to the houſe."—Allworthy, who could ſcarce refrain laughter at this, asked Weſtern what he would have him do upon the occaſion. To which the other anſwered, "That he would have him keep the raſcal away from his houſe, and that he would go and lock up the wench: for he was reſolved to make her marry Mr. Blifil in ſpite of her teeth." — He then ſhook Blifil by the hand, ſwore that he would have no other ſon-in-law, and that, "as for Jones, if he caught him at his houſe, he would qualify him to run for the elding's plate."

After the ſquire had taken his leave, a long ſilence enſued between Allworthy and Blifil. At length his uncle asked him what he determined

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to do. Blifil here made an artful ſpeech, in which, among other things, he obſerved, that "by marrying the lady, he ſhould promote the happineſs of every party; her father would be preſerved from the higheſt degree of miſery, and the lady herſelf ſaved from ruin: for indeed Jones was one of the worſt men in the world; and had his dear uncle known what he had hitherto endeavoured to conceal, he muſt have long ſince abandoned ſo profligate a wretch."—— Mr. Allworthy here inſiſted on his telling him what Jones had done worſe than he already knew; while Blifil, to inflame his curioſity, affected a vaſt reluctance to mention it. After having worked up the good man to a ſufficient pitch, he repreſented Jones as a young fellow void of every degree of principle, gratitude, or affection. "On the very day of your utmoſt danger," added he, "when myſelf and all the family were in tears, he filled the houſe with riot and debauchery. He drank, and ſung, and roared; and when I gave him a gentle hint of the indecency of his actions, he ſwore many oaths, called me raſcal, and ſtruck me." — "How," cried Mr. Allworthy, "did he dare to ſtrike you?" — "I am ſure," cries Blifil, "I have forgiven him that long ago. I wiſh I could ſo eaſily forget his ingratitude to the beſt of benefactors." — After irritating his uncle as far as he could againſt poor Jones, by repreſenting in the moſt odious colours ſome other juvenile indiſcretions of which the lad had been guilty, he added, "And now, Sir, ſince I have unadviſedly dropped theſe few hints, let me intercede with you for him." — O child," ſaid Allworthy, "I know not whether I ſhould blame

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or applaud your goodneſs in concealing ſuch villany a moment. But where is Mr. Thwackum? I will examine all the evidence of this matter, to juſtify to the world the example I am reſolved to make of ſuch a monſter."

Thwackum was inſtantly ſent for; and, after corroborating every circumſtance, he concluded with declaring, that he ſhould long ſince have revealed this matter, had not Mr. Blifil, by the moſt earneſt entreaties prevented him. As it was Mr. Allworthy's cuſtom never to puniſh any one in a paſſion, ſo he delayed paſſing ſentence on Jones till the afternoon. The poor young man attended at dinner as uſual; when his grief was a good deal aggravated by the unkind looks of Mr. Allworthy, from which he concluded that Weſtern had diſcovered the whole affair between him and Sophia; but as to Mr. Blifil's ſtory, he had not the leaſt apprehenſion. When dinner was over, Mr. Allworthy ſet forth in a long ſpeech the many iniquities of which Jones had been guilty, particularly thoſe which that day had brought to light; and concluded by telling him, "that unleſs he could clear himſelf of the charges, he was reſolved to baniſh him from his ſight for ever."

Many diſadvantages attended poor Jones in making his defence; nay, indeed, he hardly knew his accuſation: for as Mr. Allworthy, in recounting his drunkenneſs, &c. while he lay ill, out of modeſty ſunk every thing that related to himſelf, Jones could not deny the charge. Beſides, his ſpirits were ſo ſunk, that he could ſay nothing for himſelf; and, like a criminal in deſpair, he threw himſelf upon mercy, concluding,

cluding, that, " though he muſt own himſelf guilty of many follies and inadvertencies, he hoped he had done nothing to deſerve what would be to him the greateſt puniſhment in the world." — Allworthy replied, " that he had forgiven him too often already, but that he now found he was an abandoned reprobate, and ſuch as it would be criminal in any one to ſupport and encourage, and that his audacious attempt to ſteal away the young lady, called upon him to juſtify his own character in puniſhing him. However," continued he, " as I have educated you like a child of my own, I will not turn you naked into the world. When you open this paper, therefore, you will find ſomething which may enable you, with induſtry, to get an honeſt livelihood; but if you employ it to worſe purpoſes, I ſhall not think myſelf obliged to ſupply you farther, being reſolved, from this day forward, to converſe no more with you on any account"

Here a flood of tears guſhed from the eyes of Jones; and it was ſome time before he was able to obey Allworthy's peremptory commands of departing. This he at length did, having firſt kiſſed his hands with a paſſion, difficult to be effected, and as difficult to be deſcribed. On his ſetting out, he walked above a mile, not regarding whither he went. At length a little brook obſtructing his paſſage, he threw himſelf down by the ſide of it, and fell into the moſt violent agonies of madneſs, rage, and deſpair. Having thus vented the firſt emotion of paſſion, he began to come to himſelf, and to conſider what ſteps were proper to be taken in his deplor-

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able condition. The thoughts of leaving Sophia almoſt rent his heart aſunder; but the conſideration of reducing her to ruin and beggary, at laſt determined him rather to quit her, than to purſue her to her ruin. He reſolved, however, to write a farewell letter to her; and accordingly proceeded to a houſe not far off, where, in the moſt affecting terms, he took a final leave of her, and even generouſly begged that ſhe would forget him.

On ſearching his pockets for his wax, he found none, nor indeed any thing elſe; for in his frantic diſpoſition, he had toſſed every thing from him, and, among the reſt, his pocket-book, which he had received from Mr. Allworthy, which he had never opened, and which now firſt occurred to his memory. The houſe ſupplied him with a wafer, with which having ſealed his letter, he returned haſtily to the brook ſide, in order to ſearch for the things which he had there loſt. In his way he met his old friend Black George, who condoled with him on his misfortunes, which had already reached the ears of all the neighbourhood. Jones acquainted the game-keeper with his loſs, and he readily went back with him to the brook, where they ſearched every tuft of graſs, as well where Jones had not been, as where he had been, but all to no purpoſe: for though the things were then in the meadow, they omitted to ſearch the only place where they were depoſited; to wit, in the pockets of the ſaid George; who had juſt before found them, and who, being apprized of their value (the pocket-book containing notes to the amount of five hundred pounds, which Allworthy had preſented to Jones at parting) had

had very carefully put them up for his own uſe.

Jones now gave over all hopes of recovering his loſs; and turning to George he deſired to convey his letter to Sophia, by the means of Mrs. Honour. This George having promiſed to do, they ſeparated, and Jones walked to an ale-houſe at a little diſtant to wait for his meſſenger's return. On delivering the letter to Mrs. Honour for her miſtreſs, he received another from her for Mr. Jones; which Honour told him ſhe had carried all that day in her boſom, and began to deſpair of finding any means of delivering it. Sophia being at the ſame time told by her maid, that Mr. Jones had been turned out of doors, ſhe haſtily ſent him her purſe, which contained only ſixteen guineas, being all the money ſhe had. George having received the purſe, ſet forwards towards the ale-houſe; and after a ſtrong debate between his avarice and his conſcience, whither he ſhould, or ſhould not, detain this money likewiſe, conſcience, aided by the fear of detection, prevailed, and forced him to deliver the money to Jones.

The unfortunate youth now ſet out, without regarding whither he went; till, at length, finding himſelf in the road to Briſtol, he reſolved to go thither, and to ſeek his fortune at ſea. Having miſſed his way, however, and night coming on, he put up at a public houſe, where he had not been long ſeated, when a company of foot, who were marching againſt the rebels, then entered at the door. Being told that they expected to be commanded by the duke of Cumberland, Jones, who had a good deal of heroiſm in his compoſition,

tion, determined to ſerve as a volunteer in this expedition. The next day he travelled in company with the ſoldiers; and when they reached the place where they were to halt for that evening, the ſergeant introduced him to the lieutenant, why, obſerving the genteel figure, and that he had a remarkable air of dignity, politely told him, that he ſhould be happy to receive a gentleman, who promiſed to do much honour to the company; and ſhaking him by the hand, he invited him to dine with himſelf and the other officers.

After dinner, it came to Jones's turn to give a toaſt; nor could he forbear naming his dear Sophia, eſpecially as he imagined it impoſſible for any one preſent to know whom he meant. The lieutenant inſiſting on her ſur-name, however, after a little heſitation, he ſaid, Miſs Sophia Weſtern. On this, an enſign in company declared he knew one Sophy Weſtern, who bore an indifferent character at Bath; "and perhaps," added he, "this is the ſame." Jones aſſerted tnat the Miſs Weſtern he named, was a young lady of faſhion and fortune. — "Ay, ay," returned the enſign, "and ſo ſhe is. But I'll hold half a dozen of Burgundy, Tom French of our regiment brings her into company with us at any tavern in Bridges-Street." — Jones deſired he would chooſe ſome other ſubject to exerciſe his wit upon, and aſſured him he would not permit any wanton indignity to be offered to that lady's character. The other ſtill maintaining that he was in earneſt, Jones called him an impudent raſcal; on which the enſign, with a volley of oaths, diſcharged a bottle at Jones's head, which, hitting him a little above the temple, brought him to the ground.

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The enſign, perceiving him lie motionleſs, and the blood flowing plentifully from the wound, began to think of his eſcape. The lieutenant, however, ſtopped him at the door; and the enſign begged he would let him go, declaring that "he was but in jeſt, and had never heard any harm of Miſs Weſtern in his life." On this the lieutenant told him, "he deſerved to be hanged, as well for making ſuch jeſts, as for uſing ſuch a weapon. He had him accordingly ſecured that inſtant by a file of muſqueteers; and a ſurgeon being ſent for to Jones, his wound was examined, and he was ordered immediately to bed. In the middle of the night, Jones, being unable to ſleep, and at the ſame time afraid leſt he ſhould loſe his honour, if he did not attempt to obtain ſatisfaction for the injury he had received, determined to diſpatch this affair immediately. After ſending for the ſerjeant, therefore, he bought a ſword of him; and immediately dreſſing himſelf, ſoftly opened his door, (for it being now twelve o'clock, all were aſleep except the centinel, who guarded the enſign) and iſſued forth in a light coloured coat, covered with ſtreams of blood. Round his head was a quantity of bandages; in his right hand, he carried a drawn ſword, and in the left a candle. The centinel, on ſeeing this figure approach, trembled; his knees fell to blows with each other; and, firing his piece, he fell flat on his face. Jones, ſmiling at the poor fellow's fright, paſſed by him, and entered the room where the enſign had been confined; when, finding it empty, for he had eſcaped by getting up the chimney, he called to him ſeveral times by name. Perceiving, however, that the bird was flown, and apprehen-

ſive, that the report of the firelock would alarm the houſe, he blew out his candle, and ſtole back again to his chamber.

The hall where the centinel was poſted, was inſtantly half full of people; ſome in their ſhirts, and others not half dreſſed, enquiring of each other what the matter was. The centinel continuing in the ſame poſture, ſeveral endeavoured to raiſe him up, when, ſtruggling with all who offered to lay hands upon him, he fell to roaring like a bull; for his imagination being poſſeſſed with the horrid idea of an apparition, every object he ſaw or felt was converted into a ghoſt or ſpectre. On candles being brought in, he came a little to himſelf; and then invoked the moſt heavy curſes on himſelf, if he had not ſeen the volunteer all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and noſtrils, paſs by him into the chamber where his priſoner lay.

Though this ſtory gained great credit, yet there were ſome of the ſoldiers, who were not of ſuch eaſy belief; and the poor centinel was actually put under confinement, in order to be puniſhed for ſleeping and dreaming when upon duty. Jones all this while had lain in his bed awake; and being deſirous to know the particulars of the noiſe and buſtle, he rang his bell. It was a long time, however, before the ſervants would dare to go to him: but at laſt they all entered together, when, to their great ſurpriſe, inſtead of finding him dead, he deſired to ſpeak with the lieutenant, who inſtantly complying with his requeſt, informed him of what had happened below, and that he ſhould make an example of the centinel. Jones, however, ſet every thing to

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rights by relating the whole truth, and earneſtly begged that the poor ſoldier might not be puniſhed, who, he believed, was as innocent of the enſign's eſcape as he was of ſleeping; and to this the lieutenant immediately aſſented.

The ſoldiers departed betimes in the morning, leaving directions for Jones to follow them. Some time after, he received a viſit from his ſurgeon, who had let him blood the preceding night, and now inſiſted on bleeding him again. This Jones abſolutely refuſed, which ſo irritated the other, that he left him, without ſo much as dreſſing his wound. The ſurgeon being gone, Jones had a ſound ſleep of ſeven hours, from which he awaked in ſuch perfect health and ſpirits, that he reſolved to get up and dreſs himſelf. For this purpoſe he unlocked his portmanteau, which had been ſent after him; and putting on clean linen, and clothes, he went down into the kitchen, and made a hearty dinner. This done, he ſent for a barber, who proved to be a moſt facetious and diverting fellow, and who entertained him with ſcraps of Latin, and abundance of merry jokes. Jones, being pleaſed with his company, invited him to drink part of a bottle of wine; and afterwards, finding that he had ſome knowledge in ſurgery, deſired him to examine his wounds, which, having done, he told him that it would require a good deal of art to keep him from being well, after a few dreſſings, and that, if he would ſuffer him to apply ſome of his ſalve, he would anſwer for its ſucceſs.

After ſome more converſation together, Mr. Jones engaged the barber-ſurgeon to give him an account of his life; when the honeſt fellow with

a very ſolemn air, told Jones that he had been his greateſt enemy. While Jones was expreſſing his amazement at this, the other asked him, "if he had never heard of one Benjamin Partridge, who had the honour of being reputed his father, and the misfortune of being ruined by that honour."—Jones replied, that he had heard of him, and that he always thought himſelf his ſon.—— "Well, Sir," reſumed Benjamin, "I am that Partridge, but I here abſolve you from all filial duty. I aſſure you, you are none of mine; and though it is natural for men to hate even the innocent cauſes of their ſufferings, yet I am of a different temper, and have loved you ever ſince I heard of your behaviour to Black George; and am convinced, from our thus meeting, that you are born to make me amends for all I have ſuffered on your account" —— Jones expreſſed the ſatisfaction it would give him to make Partridge full amends; but ſaid, "he could ſee no likelihood of its ever being in his power." —— "'Tis in your power, ſure enough," ſaid Partridge, "for I deſire nothing more than to attend you in this expedition; which I have ſo ſet my heart upon, that, if you refuſe me, you will kill both a barber and a ſurgeon in one breath." — Jones conſented to the propoſal; but, taking out his purſe, he ſhewed him his whole ſtock, and let him know his inability to ſupport him. But this was not allowed to be an obſtacle, Partridge intimating that he believed he was the richer man, and that all he had was at his ſervice: he even inſiſted upon his taking the whole; but to this Jones would on no account ſubmit. Honeſt Benjamin then propoſed, that, as the portmanteau was too cumberſome for foot car-

carriage, it ſhould be left behind at his houſe, and that he ſhould take out only a few ſhirts for preſent uſe.

Early the next morning, Partridge appeared at Jones's bedſide, with his knap-ſack at his back, ready equipped for their march. Having taken out the neceſſary ſtock of linen, he was departing towards his own houſe with the portmanteau, when the landlady ſtopped him, refuſing to let it go till the reckoning was paid. This being immediately diſcharged, the portmanteau was ſafely depoſited. They dined at the Bell in Glouceſter. From thence, much againſt Partridge's inclination, they ſet out towards the evening; and though the poor barber made ſad complaints of the coldneſs of the weather, yet Jones ſtill proceeded forward by the light of the moon, till they came to the bottom of a very ſteep hill. This Jones reſolved to aſcend, and Partridge prepared to follow him; for being a great coward, he did not dare to ſtay alone. They had not aſcended far, when they eſpied a glimmering light through ſome trees; when at the earneſt entreaties of Partridge, they walked directly towards the ſpot, whence the light iſſued, and found a cottage where, after much knocking, an old woman opened an upper caſement, and after many ſolicitations, was induced, by the promiſe of half a crown to open the door, and where, to his infinite joy, Partridge found a good fire.

The old woman, who made a moſt uncouth appearance, expecting her maſter home, ſhe ſaid, every minute, endeavoured to haſten their departure; while Mr. Jones, ſurpriſed at ſeeing the houſe furniſhed with the utmoſt neatneſs, and

adorned with curioſities which might have attracted the notice of a virtuoſo, protracted his ſtay, in hopes of ſeeing the owner of it. The old woman, however, ſtill continued her importunities for him to depart; in which ſhe was warmly ſeconded by Partridge, who being exceedingly ſuperſtitious, was firmly perſuaded that they were in company with a witch. At length, with terror in her countenance, the old woman declared ſhe heard her maſter's ſignal; and, at the ſame inſtant, ſeveral voices were heard without the door, uttering curſes, and crying, "ſhew us your money this inſtant; your money, you villain, or we will blow out your brains."

Jones ſeeing a pair of piſtols, asked if they were loaded; when the old woman, imagining he intended to murder her, prayed to him for mercy. To this he made no anſwer; but ſnatching up a broad ſword, which hung in the room, inſtantly ſallied out, and finding the old gentleman ſtruggling with two ruffians, he inſtantly attacked them ſo briskly, that, quitting their hold, they betook themſelves to their heels, crying, with bitter imprecations, that they were dead men. Jones now lifted up the old man, who had been thrown down in the ſcuffle, and expreſſed great concern, leſt he ſhould have received any harm from the villains. Though he found himſelf unhurt, yet he was not without apprehenſions that his gueſts within doors might be little better than the ruffians without. Jones gueſſing as much, aſſured him, that they were his friends, that, having miſſed their way, they had taken the liberty of warming themſelves at his fire, and that they were juſt departing when they heard him call for aſſiſtance; which

which Providence alone ſeemed to have ſent him to beſtow. — "Providence indeed," cried the old gentleman, if it be ſo." — "It is, I aſſure you," cried Jones. "Here, Sir, is your own ſword; I have uſed it in your defence, and now return it into your own hands." — The old man having received the ſword, which was ſtained with the blood of his enemies, cried, "You have been my deliverer indeed;" and being now perfectly ſatisfied, he gave Jones and Partridge the moſt cordial reception.

They ſpent the whole night with the old gentleman; and in the morning, they walked with the ſtranger to the top of the hill, from whence they had one of the moſt noble proſpects in the world. On proceeding to the north-weſt part which hangs over a vaſt and extenſive wood, they heard the ſcreams of a woman. Jones liſtened a moment; and then, without ſaying a word to his companions, ſlid down the hill, and made directly to the wood, from whence the ſound ſeemed to iſſue: nor had he advanced far in it, when he beheld a woman, ſtripped half naked, and ſtruggling with a ruffian; who had put his garter round her neck, and was endeavouring to draw her up to a tree. Jones inſtantly flew at the villain, and made ſuch uſe of an oaken ſtick he had in his hand, that he laid him on the ground; when the woman, falling on her knees, gave him a thouſand thanks for her deliverance.

The ruffian beginning to move, Jones took the garter, which had been intended for a very different purpoſe, and tied both his hands behind him. On looking in his face, how great was his ſurpriſe to find his priſoner was no other than the

the identical enſign who had uſed him ſo ill! The latter, who immediately knew him, with the utmoſt arrogance demanded ſatisfaction for ſuch an inſult upon "a man of honour." Jones told him it did not become ſuch a villain to contaminate the name of honour; but that he would deliver him up to juſtice. Then turning to the woman, he asked her if ſhe was near home, or if ſhe knew any body in the neighbourhood, from whom ſhe might procure herſelf decent clothes, in order to proceed to a juſtice of the peace. She replied that ſhe was an entire ſtranger in that part of the world. Jones then ſtepping out of the wood, ſoon perceived the old man ſitting on the brow of the hill; when aſcending to him with the utmoſt agility, and informing him of the ſcene he had juſt witneſſed, the venerable ſtranger adviſed him to take the woman to Upton, where he might furniſh her with all manner of conveniences; and after directing him to the place, Jones took his leave of him, deſiring him to direct Partridge the ſame way.

On his return to the woman, he found her alone; for the villain, though his hands were tied, had found his legs at liberty, and prudently made his eſcape. Jones now proceeded with his ragged companion to Upton; where, on his entering one of the genteeleſt inns, the wretched appearance of the woman, and Jones inſiſting on her being admitted to a room, produced much diſturbance. But a ſerjeant, and a file of muſqueteers, happening to come to the houſe, and call her captain Waters's lady, the ſcene changed, and the landlady very readily lent her ſome of her own clothes; on her offering, however, twice

as

as much money for that favour as they were worth. This lady, who was not overburthened with modeſty, being captivated with Jones's perſon, no ſooner found herſelf alone with him in the inn, than ſhe made ſuch advances as let him know ſhe had no favours in her power which ſhe would ſcrup'e to beſtow on her deliverer; and actually tempted him to come to her bed.

But to return to Sophia, whom we have ſo long left behind. This amiable, and moſt deſerving young lady, finding that ſhe ſhould at all events be forced to marry the odious Blifil, had eſcaped from home, in company with her maid Honour, in order to ſhelter herſelf from the effects of her father's violence, in the family of a lady who reſided in London, and with whom ſhe was intimately acquainted. At the very inn where Jones now was, ſhe arrived late at night; and the fooliſh, goſſiping Partridge, having juſt before mentioned her name in the kitchen, and declared that ſhe was diſtractedly in love with his maſter, who, he ſaid, was Mr. Jones, ſquire Allworthy's ſon and heir, theſe particulars reached the ears of Mrs. Honour, who inſtantly communicated them to her miſtreſs. The joy which Sophia would have felt at hearing that her lover was in the houſe, was thus converted into indignation; and this was not a little encreaſed, when ſhe was told by the maid of the houſe, that Mr. Jones was that minute in bed with a woman he had brought with him into the hou'e. She now determined to baniſh him for ever from her thoughts, as a man abandoned to vice, and ſunk below her notice or regard. Deſirous, at the ſame time, to let him know that ſhe was acquainted with his baſeneſs, ſhe wrote her

her name with a pencil on a piece of paper; and pinning it to her muff, that favourite muff formerly mentioned, bribed the maid to convey it into the empty bed of Mr. Jones. Then, ordering the horſes to be got ready, ſhe continued her journey.

As Jones returned to his bed in the dark, he did not find the muff till he was ready to riſe; and no ſooner had he it in his hands and read the words, "Sophia Weſtern," than his looks grew frantic, and he cried out, "O heavens, how came this muff here!" — "I know no more than your Honour," cried Partridge, who was preſent. "But I ſaw it on the arm of one of the women, who came in ſo late laſt night, and who, when they firſt underſtood that you were here, would have diſturbed you if I had ſuffered them." — "Where are they?" cried Jones. — "Many miles off I believe by this time," ſaid Partridge. — The behaviour of Jones on this occaſion *beggars all deſcription*. After many bitter execrations on Partridge, and not fewer on himſelf, he ordered the poor fellow, who was frightened out of his wits, to run and hire him horſes at any rate; and, having ſhuffled on his clothes, he haſtened down ſtairs to execute the orders himſelf, which he had juſt before given.

The reckoning being paid, and no horſes to be had, Jones and his friend Partridge, ſet off on foot from Upton with heavy hearts. At length, on their arrival at a croſs road, a lame fellow asked them for alms; and Jones giving him a ſhilling, "Maſter," cries the fellow, "I have a curious thing here in my pocket, which I found about

two

two miles off, if your worſhip will pleaſe to buy it. He then pulled out a little gilt pocket book, and delivered it into the hands of Jones; who preſently opening it, ſaw in the firſt page the words "Sophia Weſtern," written by her own fair hand. No ſooner had he read the name, than preſſing it to his lips, he fell into the moſt frantic raptures. While he was kiſſing and mumbling the book, a piece of paper fell from it, which proved to be a bank bill of one hundred pounds. Jones gave the poor man a guinea in exchange for the book, telling him he knew the lady to whom it belonged; and after taking down his name and place of abode, in order to reward him better another time, purſued his journey to London in queſt of Sophia.

No adventures occurred to him of any moment till he had got about two miles beyond Barnet, when a genteel looking young man rode up to him, and intimated, that if he was going to London, he would be glad of their company. Jones readily complied with the requeſt; and the ſtranger expreſſing great apprehenſions of robbers, Jones declared he had little to loſe, and conſequently as little to fear.—"Your Honour may think it little," cried Partridge, who could not help putting in his word; "but I am ſure if I had a hundred pound bank note, as you have, I ſhould be very ſorry to loſe it."—When they had arrived within a mile of Highgate, the ſtranger, turning ſhort upon Jones, pulled out a piſtol, and demanded the bank note which Partridge had mentioned. Jones, who was at firſt ſomewhat ſhocked, offered the highwayman three guineas; but the other anſwering,

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"That would not do," Jones coolly returned the money, which was his whole ſtock, into his pocket. The highwayman then held his piſtol to his breaſt, and threatened to ſhoot him; on which Jones caught hold of the fellow's hand, and turned the muzzle from him, when a ſtruggle enſuing, the former ſecured the piſtol, and both came from their horſes to the ground.

The poor fellow now began to implore mercy, declaring that he had no intention of murder, the piſtol not being loaded, that this was the firſt robbery he had ever attempted, and that he had been driven to it by the greateſt diſtreſs. Partridge, who in endeavouring to eſcape, had been thrown from his horſe, no ſooner found that his maſter had got the better, than he ran back to him, crying out, "Kill the villain, Sir; run him through the body." Jones, however, having examined the piſtol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him of his having five hungry children, and a wife lying in of a ſixth, in the utmoſt want and miſery. Of the truth of this the highwayman offered to convince him, if he would take the trouble to go to his houſe. Jones, who from many circumſtances, was perfectly ſatisfied with his veracity, returned the fellow his piſtol, adviſed him to think of honeſter means of relieving his diſtreſs, and gave him a couple of guineas; adding, "he wiſhed he had more for his ſake, for the hundred pound was not his own."—The highwayman then departed, expreſſing the utmoſt gratitude, and vowing he would never commit ſuch a tranſgreſſion again.

On his arrival in London, Jones exerted every effort

effort to find out his dear Sophia. In the courſe of his enquiries the lady Bellaſton, who was her couſin, having ſeen him, was ſo ſtruck with his figure, that ſhe made ſome advances to him, and engaged him to viſit her; when, imagining, as was really the caſe, that he was deſtitute of money, ſhe made him a preſent of a bank note of fifty pounds. He took up his lodgings at the ſame houſe which Mr. Allworthy conſtantly uſed when in town. It was kept by one Mrs. Miller, a very worthy widow gentlewoman, who had two daughters, and who had received very extraordinary favours from Mr. Allworthy. One day, Mrs. Miller invited Mr. Jones, and Mr. Nightingale, (an agreeable young gentleman who alſo lived in the family) to dinner. It being almoſt five o'clock when the good woman came home, ſhe apologiſed for her behaviour, by obſerving, that ſhe had been to ſee a couſin, who lived about ſix miles off, and whoſe wife, though ſhe had not been brought to bed a week, lay in a cold and wretched room, ſurrounded with miſery. "Thefather," ſhe pathetically added, "is moſt worthy of compaſſion. Poor man, his countenance is the very picture of horror. Heavens! what a ſcene did I behold at my firſt coming into the room! The good creature was lying behind the bolſter, ſupporting at once both his child and his wife. His coat was ſpread over the bed to ſupply the want of blankets; and when he roſe up at my entrance, I ſcarce knew him, his eyes ſunk, his face pale, his body ſhivering with cold, and worn with hunger; for my couſin ſays ſhe can hardly prevail upon him to eat, and he himſelf told me in a whiſper, that he could not bear to eat the bread

his children wanted. Yet, can you believe it? his wife has had the beſt of caudle; the means of procuring which, he ſaid, he believed was ſent him by an angel from heaven. I know not what he meant; for I had not ſpirits to ask. This ruin, gentlemen," continued Mrs. Miller, "has been brought upon them by others; the poor man having been bail for his brother, a villain; in conſequence of which, the very day before his wife was brought to bed, their goods were all carried away, and ſold by an execution."

Mr. Jones's whole ſoul was affected at this narrative; and taking Mrs. Miller into another room, he delivered her his fifty pounds, deſiring her to ſend as much of it as ſhe thought proper to theſe poor people. —— "Good heavens!" cried ſhe, "is there ſuch a man in the world? Indeed," added ſhe, recollecting herſelf, "I know one ſuch, but can there be another?" — She then took ten guineas, which was the utmoſt he could prevail with her to accept, and which ſhe immediately conveyed to her couſin. The next day Mrs. Miller rapped at Mr. Jones's door, and deſired his company to tea. On his entrance into the room, ſhe introduced a perſon to him, ſaying, "This, Sir, is my couſin, who has been ſo greatly beholden to your goodneſs."——The man had ſcarce begun to utter his grateful acknowledgements, when both Jones and he ſhewed the utmoſt tokens of ſurpriſe. "Bleſs me, what's the meaning of this?" cried Mrs. Miller." — "Be not frightened, Madam," returned Jones. "Your couſin is an acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Miller.—"An acquaintance!" cries the man — "O heavens!" ——"Ay, an acquaintance," repeated Jones; "and I ſhall

ever

ever love and honour him for his affection to his wife and children." ——— "Couſin," cries the man, "this is the angel from heaven whom I meant. He is the worthieſt, braveſt, nobleſt, of all human beings. O couſin, I have obligations to this gentleman of ſuch a nature!" — "Not a word of obligations, I inſiſt," returned Jones.— "O Sir," exclaimed the man, "I wiſh you could this inſtant ſee my houſe. The diſtreſs in which my couſin found us, is all greatly removed, and chiefly by your goodneſs. My wife and children muſt ſee you and thank you."

Here Mrs. Miller likewiſe began to pour forth thanksgivings, and told Mr. Jones ſhe doubted not but ſuch goodneſs would meet a glorious reward. Jones anſwered, "he had been ſufficiently rewarded already;" and, after ſhaking the poor man by the hand, he took his leave, being engaged to ſpend the evening at lady Bellaſton's, and went away exulting in the happineſs he had procured to a diſtreſſed but worthy family; nor could he forbear reflecting without horror on the dreadful conſequences which muſt have attended them, had he liſtened rather to the voice of ſtrict juſtice than of mercy, when this very man had attacked him in the neighbourhood of Barnet.——— Lady Bellaſton being from home, he was ſhewn into the drawing room; where he had not been many minutes before the door opened, and in came Sophia herſelf. On perceiving him, ſhe gave a ſcream, and was ready to faint, when Jones ran, and caught her in his arms. — "O my Sophia," cried he, after a ſhort pauſe, "did you know the thouſand torments I have ſuffered in this long, fruitleſs purſuit!" — "Purſuit of me!" anſwered

Sophia. "Has Mr. Jones, then, any ſuch important buſineſs with me?"—"To ſome, Madam," ſaid he, giving her the pocket-book, "this might ſeem of importance: I hope you will find it of the ſame value as when it was loſt. But O my Sophia," added he, "I have buſineſs of a much ſuperior kind.—Thus on my knees let me ask your pardon."—"My pardon!" cried ſhe—"Sure, ſir, after what is paſt you cannot expect"- - - - "I ſcarce know what I ſay," anſwered Jones. "By heavens, I hardly wiſh you ſhould pardon me: no, let the remembrance of what paſſed at Upton blot me for ever from your mind."

At the mention of Upton, Sophia bluſhed, and turned away her eyes with a glance of diſdain.—"O my Sophia," reſumed Jones, "you cannot hate or deſpiſe me more for what happened there, than I do myſelf. But do me the juſtice to think that my *heart* was never unfaithful to you; *that* had no ſhare in the folly I was guilty of. I have never, my angel, ſeen the woman into whoſe company I accidentally fell at that curſed place from that day to this; nor do I intend or deſire to ſee her again."—Sophia in her heart was glad to hear this; but aſſuming an air of coldneſs, "Why, Mr. Jones," ſaid ſhe, "do you take the trouble to make a defence, where you are not accuſed? If I thought it worth while to accuſe you, I have a charge of an unpardonable nature indeed."——"What is it, for heaven's ſake?" cried Jones. "Could I have expected," replied Sophia, "that any gentleman, any man of honour, would have publicly traduced my name among the meaneſt vulgar?"—Nothing could equal Jones's ſurpriſe at theſe words; but he ſoon found that this was owing

owing to Partridge's talk at the inns. He had no great difficulty, therefore, to make her believe his entire innocence of an offence ſo foreign to his character; but ſhe had a great deal to prevent him from going inſtantly home, and putting Partridge to death, which he ſwore he would do. This point being cleared up, they fell into a converſation, in the courſe of which Sophia tenderly acknowledged, "That did not her duty to her father forbid her from following her own inclinations, ruin with him would be more welcome to her, than the moſt affluent fortune with another man."—At the word ruin, he ſtarted, and ſtriking his breaſt, cried, "Oh, Sophia, can I then ruin thee? No; by heavens I never will act ſo baſe a part. My love I will ever retain, but it ſhall be in ſilence; and when I am dead"--- Here he was ſtopped by a flood of tears, which Sophia let fall in his boſom, and which ſhe allowed him to kiſs off without reſiſtance. But preſently recollecting herſelf, ſhe gently withdrew out of his arms; and, to turn the diſcourſe, bethought herſelf to ask him, "How he came into that room?" This queſtion rather confounded him; and he was happily prevented from giving an anſwer to it by the entrance of lady Bellaſton herſelf.

A few days after, Mr. Weſtern arrived in London, having been informed that his daughter was at lady Bellaſton's; and abruptly entering the room where ſhe was, carried her away with him to his inn. There, after attempting in vain to make her promiſe that ſhe would marry Mr. Blifil, he confined her ſome days; when his ſiſter coming to own, ſhe inſiſted on removing her niece to her own lodgings. Mrs. Weſtern's views with

reſpect to Sophia, were now widely different from thoſe of the ſquire. Having been informed by lady Bellaſton, that one lord Fellamar (a debauched young nobleman who had repeatedly ſeen Sophia at her ladyſhip's houſe) was deſperately in love with her niece, the proſpect of an alliance with a perſon of ſuch diſtinguiſhed rank, made her deſert the intereſt of Blifil, and warmly eſpouſe that of his lordſhip. But as Sophia was immoveable, and Weſtern obſtinately perſiſted in marrying her to Blifil, ſhe endeavoured to force that amiable lady to beſtow her hand on lord Fellamar, without her father's conſent. This Sophia abſolutely refuſed, which ſo exaſperated the old lady, that ſhe again reſigned her to the management of the ſquire; who, finding all his entreaties, interlarded with the bittereſt curſes, ineffectual, told her that ſhe ſhould either marry Blifil, or ſtarve.

While ſuch was the ſituation of Sophia, Jones was engaged in an affair, which afforded him an ample field for the exerciſe of his benevolence. Mr. Nightingale, after having long paid his addreſſes to Miſs Nancy Miller (one of the daughters of his worthy landlady) now left his lodgings, and wrote a letter to her, informing her, "that he muſt think of her no more, his father having provided a lady of fortune for him, whom he was compelled to marry." Miſs Nancy, on receiving this letter, fell into fits; and to complete the diſtreſs of Mrs. Miller, and the whole family, the unhappy and deluded girl confeſſed herſelf with child by him. Mr. Jones was ſo ſhocked and diſtreſſed at the ſcene, that he endeavoured to the utmoſt of his power to conſole the wretched mother, and her not leſs wretched daughter; telling them he would go immediately

mediately, and uſe all his influence to induce Nightingale to do that juſtice to Miſs Nancy which ſhe deſerved.

Jones found him in his new apartments, lamenting the ſituation to which he had reduced the unhappy girl, whom he tenderly loved, and whom nothing but the view of intereſt, and the fear of incurring the cenſure of the world, as well as the diſpleaſure of his father, could have compelled him to forſake. As Mr. Nightingale had ungenerouſly taken advantage of poor Miſs Nancy, under the ſacred promiſe of marriage, Jones urged every conſideration of humanity, of virtue, and of real honour, to induce him to do her juſtice. The other, unable to reſiſt the force of his eloquence, declared, that, had he no inclinations to conſult but his own, he would conduct her to the altar the next morning; that he ſhould never be happy without her; and that, would his father but conſent, nothing would be wanting to render his happineſs complete. ones, after telling him, that, though he had not the honour to know his father, he would, however, take the liberty to wait upon him, withdrew; and calling upon the old gentleman, he endeavoured to obtain his approbation of the match, by repreſenting it as already concluded, and by giving the moſt engaging deſcription of the virtue, prudence, and accompliſhments of the lady whom his ſon had married. Old Nightingale was highly offended on finding that he was diſappointed in his views, and that the young woman was poſſeſſed of little or no fortune. At this inſtant, the old gentleman's brother entered the room; and, after warmly eſpouſing the arguments of Mr. Jones, added, that the woman whom his brother had

had choſen for the young man would have rendered him miſerable, and that, ſince his marriage with Miſs Miller's was over, it was his advice to make the beſt of it.

At Mr. Jones's requeſt, the uncle accompanied him to Mrs. Miller's, where affairs were now greatly altered from what they had been at the departure of the former. Young Nightingale was there, and had promiſed to marry Miſs Nancy the next morning. Nothing was to be ſeen, therefore, but the effects of joy and tranſport; nor could Mrs. Miller forbear calling Jones out of the room, when falling on her knees, ſhe expreſſed her gratitude to him in the livelieſt terms, and ſhowered a thouſand bleſſings upon him as the preſerver of her poor little family.

While Jones was thus ſtrenuouſly labouring to promote the happineſs of other people, he was himſelf a prey to the deepeſt ſorrow, on account of the perſecutions to which his Sophia was expoſed from her relations, and the impoſſibility there was of ſeeing her. At this time, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, a near relation of Miſs Weſtern, who had eloped from a worthleſs, brutiſh husband, ſent a meſſage to Mr. Jones, deſiring to ſpeak with him. On his waiting upon her, ſhe endeavoured to perſuade him to make ſham addreſſes to Mrs. Weſtern, in order to procure eaſy acceſs to her niece; an impoſition, to which Jones would by no means give his conſent. Unfortunately as Jones was leaving the houſe, Fitzpatrick, who had juſt received directions to the very houſe where his wife was, ſeeing a handſome young fellow coming from her, made directly up to him, and asked, "what he had been doing in that houſe?"—Jones anſwered,

"That

"That he had been viſiting a lady;" which producing words, Fitzpatrick gave him a blow that made him ſtagger, and drew his ſword. Jones alſo drew, and preſently ſheathed one half of his ſword in his antagoniſt's body, who cried out he was a dead man. At that inſtant, a number of fellows ruſhed up, and ſeized Jones; who was carried before a juſtice, and by him committed to the Gate-Houſe, the ſurgeon who dreſſed Mr. Fitzpatrick having previouſly depoſed that he believed his patient's wound to be mortal.

By this time, Mr. Allworthy and Mr. Blifil, had both arrived in town, and taken up their lodgings at Mrs. Miller's. The day after Mr. Jones's commitment, as Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller were at breakfaſt, Blifil came in, and told Mr. Allworthy, (though ſeemingly with much reluctance) that "Jones, the wretch he had nouriſhed in his boſom, had proved one of the greateſt villains upon earth." — Mrs. Miller warmly interrupted him by ſaying, "Mr. Jones is no villain. He is one of the worthieſt creatures breathing." —"I muſt own, Madam," ſaid Allworthy gravely, "I am ſurpriſed to ſee you defend a fellow you do not know." —"O I do know him, Mr. Allworthy," ſaid ſhe. "He hath preſerved me, and my little family; and I pray heaven to bleſs him, and turn the hearts of his malicious enemies."—Mr. Allworthy ſaid, "Sure, Madam, you muſt mean ſome other It is impoſſible you ſhould have any ſuch obligations to the man my nephew mentions." —"I have obligations to him of the tendereſt kind," returned Mrs. Miller. "Believe me, my beſt of friends, he hath been groſsly abuſed to you; and he never

never mentions your name but with a ſort of adoration."

Blifil then began to ſneer at what the good woman ſaid; nor could Mr. Allworthy help intimating his reſentment at ſome inſinuations he threw out againſt his nephew, who, he ſaid, had ever been the warmeſt advocate for the ungrateful wretch, whoſe cauſe ſhe eſpouſed. The good woman ſtill inſiſted that he was deceived; and added, "I do not pretend to ſay the young man is without faults; but they are the faults of wildneſs, and of youth, and vaſtly over-balanced by one of the moſt humane, tender, honeſt hearts that ever man was bleſt with."—Mr. Allworthy now deſired Blifil to proceed in his ſtory; when he ſaid he was ſorry to relate it, but, in ſhort, Mr. Jones had killed a man. Allworthy looked ſhocked, and turning to Mrs. Miller, cried, "Well, Madam, what ſay you now?"—"Why, I ſay," anſwered ſhe, "that I never was more concerned at any thing in my life; but if the fact be true, I am convinced Mr. Jones was not in the fault, for I never ſaw a youth ſo gentle, or ſo ſweet-tempered."

Mrs. Miller was interrupted in her praiſes of Jones by a viſit from Mr. Weſtern, who came to inform Mr. Allworthy of the ſolicitations he had received to engage him to marry his daughter to a nobleman (the Lord Fellamar already mentioned) but of his fixed reſolution that Blifil ſhould have her, in ſpite of all the world, and whatever Sophia could do or ſay to the contrary. Mr. Allworthy, however, ſtrongly urged the impropriety of uſing force, and declared, that, as the young lady was unhappily averſe to his nephew,

phew, he muſt decline any farther thoughts of the honour Mr. Weſtern intended him.—The ſquire was far from being pleaſed at this declaration from Allworthy; and Blifil deſiring leave to ſpeak, ſaid, "he would himſelf never conſent to uſing any violence on the young lady; that by perſeverance he hoped he might gain her affections; that indeed he was too ſenſible the wickedeſt of men remained uppermoſt in her heart; but that ſurely when ſhe heard of the murder he had committed" - - - "What's that?" cries Weſtern. "Hath he committed a murder, and is there any proſpect of his being hanged out of the way?" — He then fell a ſinging and capering about the room; and, after engaging Mr. Allworthy and his nephew to dine with him, went off, not a little pleaſed at the hopes of ſeeing the ſpeedy end of poor Jones.

Mrs. Miller, mean while, went to pay Mr. Jones a viſit in the Gate-Houſe, where ſhe found Mr. Nightingale had arrived before her. While Jones was expreſſing great ſatisfaction in the preſence of his friends, Partridge brought an account that Fitzpatrick was ſtill alive, though the ſurgeon declared he had very little hopes. Upon which Jones fetching a deep ſigh, Mrs. Miller and Mr. Nightingale gave him all the comfort in their power, by repreſenting to him, "that he was in no danger, as he had only taken away the life of a ruffian in his own defence." —Jones gravely anſwered, "That whatever might be his fate, he ſhould always lament the having ſhed the blood of one of his fellow-creatures. — But," added he, "I have another misfortune of the tendereſt kind." — Mrs. Miller, being

being given to underſtand that this was on account of Sophia, propoſed to wait on the lady herſelf. Jones accordingly gave her a letter, which ſhe promiſed to deliver into Miſs Weſtern's own hand, and which ſhe that evening accompliſhed, though it was not without the utmoſt difficulty ſhe could obtain permiſſion even to leave it upon her table.

Mrs. Miller had a long diſcourſe with Mr. Allworthy, at his return from dinner, in which ſhe acquainted him with Jones's having loſt all he was pleaſed to beſtow onhim at their ſeparation, and with the diſtreſſes to which that loſs had ſubjected him; of all which ſhe had received a full account from honeſt Partridge. She then explained the obligations ſhe had herſelf to Jones; to which Allworthy replied, "There were few characters ſo vicious as not to have ſome mixture of good;" but inſiſted on her never mentioning his name to him any more. Mrs. Miller, however, could not help again inſinuating that he was impoſed upon; on which Mr. Allworthy, a little ruffled, threatened to leave her houſe, and declared that his nephew was the worthieſt and beſt of men. Mrs. Miller, though frightened at his angry looks, exclaimed, "How often have I heard you call Mr. Jones your ſon! I cannot, Sir, forget the many tender expreſſions you have uſed when ſpeaking to me of his virtues, his good nature, and his generoſity; for I find them all true; they have preſerved my family. If you had a dagger in your hand ready to plunge into my heart, I muſt lament the miſery of one whom you have loved, and I ſhall ever love."—Allworthy was moved with this ſpeech; and when they

they had been about an hour together, their converſation was interrupted by the arrival of Blifil, and one Dowling, an attorney, who was become a mighty favourite of the former, and whom Mr. Allworthy, at his nephew's requeſt, had made his ſteward.

In the midſt of his ſorrows, Jones, to his great ſurpriſe, received a viſit from Mrs. Waters, the woman with whom he had had a criminal connection at Upton. As ſhe happened to lodge in the ſame houſe with Fitzpatrick, ſhe brought him the agreeable news that his antagoniſt was out of danger, and had declared himſelf the agreſſor. She was no ſooner gone than Partridge, with countenance as pale as aſhes, asked Jones if that was really the woman who was with him at Upton. Jones anſwered in the affirmative. "Then the lord have mercy on your ſoul," cried Partridge; "for it was Jenny Jones, and you have been a-bed with your own mother."

While poor Jones was thus hourly plunged deeper and deeper into diſtreſs, Mr. Allworthy diſcovered that it was Black George who had found the 500 l. he had given him in bank bills when he turned him out of doors. Many circumſtances, too tedious here to recapitulate, tended now to revive the good man's tenderneſs for Jones. It likewiſe in a little time appeared, that neither Partridge nor Mrs. Waters (who was the identical Jenny Jones mentioned in the beginning of this hiſtory) was the father or mother of Jones. By her declaration to Allworthy it inconteſtably appeared, that the young gentleman was a natural ſon of his own ſiſter, by one Mr. Summer; a youth whom he had educated with the tenderneſs

of a father; as alſo, that, by the orders of Miſs Bridget, who had amply rewarded her for it, ſhe not only undertook to convey the child into Mr. Allworthy's bed, but, if neceſſary, to paſs for its mother. — "Oh! Sir," added ſhe, "had that lady lived to ſee this poor young man turned like a vagabond out of your houſe, and to hear that you had yourſelf employed a lawyer to proſecute him for a murder of which he is not guilty."—— Mr. Allworthy, full of amazement at what he heard, declared his innocence of this laſt charge. On this Mrs. Waters told him, that Dowling, his ſteward, had come to her, and taking her for Fitzpatrick's wife, intimated, that, if Jones had murdered her husband, ſhe ſhould have any money to carry on the proſecution.

From ſeveral other particulars it now evidently appeared, that Blifil had formed a diabolical plot with this man to ſwear away the life of poor Jones. This was preſently confirmed by the teſtimony of Dowling himſelf, who, happening to come into the room, no ſooner ſaw Mrs. Waters, than he ſtarted, and pretended to be in the utmoſt haſte to go. Allworthy, however, ſternly ſhut the door; and Dowling, finding himſelf detected, with much heſitation acknowledged that Blifil had ſent him on the abovementioned errand to Mrs. Waters, as alſo to the perſons who were eye-witneſſes of the fight, with orders to tell them, that if they would declare Jones was the agreſſor, they ſhould be no loſers; which, he ſaid, he would not have done, if Blifil had not aſſured him his uncle was deſirous of having the villain Jones brought to juſtice. "You would not have thought of obliging me," ſaid Allworthy, "had you known that this Jones

was

was my nephew."—— "Indeed, Sir, I did know it," replied the other; "for they were the laſt words Madam Blifil ſpoke to me when ſhe delivered me the letter for your worſhip."— "What letter?" cried Allworthy.—— "That," returned Dowling, "which I brought from Salisbury, when your worſhip was ill in bed, and gave to Mr. Blifil. He ſince told me that he had delivered it to you, as well as the meſſage, and that your worſhip intended to keep the whole a ſecret from the world."

The good Mr. Allworthy was thunder-ſtuck. He now went to pay a viſit to Mr. Weſtern, when informing him of the happy diſcoveries he had made, the ſquire ſhewed himſelf as zealous to marry Sophia to Mr. Jones, as he had hitherto been for uniting her to the treacherous villain Blifil. On his return to his lodgings, hearing that Mr. Jones was there before him, he deſired to ſee him alone. It is impoſſible to conceive a more tender ſcene than the meeting between the uncle and nephew. — "O my child," cried Allworthy, receiving him into his arms, "what amends can I ever make you for thoſe unjuſt ſuſpicions which I entertained, and for the ſufferings they have occaſioned to you?" — Am I not now made amends? returned Jones. "O my dear uncle, this goodneſs, this tenderneſs, overpowers me." —Allworthy then explained to him all the treachery of Blifil; to which Jones replied, that under ſuch a deception the beſt muſt have acted juſt as he did, and that his goodneſs diſplayed itſelf in the midſt of his anger. "Alas! Sir," added he, "I have not been puniſhed more than I have deſerved; and it ſhall be the whole buſineſs of my

future life to deſerve that happineſs you now beſtow on me. I thank heaven I have had time to reflect on my paſt life, where I can diſcern vices and follies more than enough to repent and be aſhamed of."

Mrs. Miller, who had not ſeen Jones ſince his releaſe from priſon, now eagerly entered the room, and wiſhed him joy of his new-found uncle, and his happy reconciliation. Their converſation was ſoon interrupted by Weſtern, who could no longer be kept from ſeeing Jones, even by the authority of Allworthy himſelf. — "My old friend Tom," cried he, the minute he came in, "I am glad to ſee thee with all my heart. All paſt muſt be forgotten. I took thee for another perſon; and where a body means no harm, what ſignifies a haſty word or two." — Jones politely thanked him for the many obligations he had to him, and declared that, as for any offence towards him, he was an utter ſtranger. — "*A't*," ſaid Weſtern, then give me thy fiſt; *a't* as hearty an honeſt cock as any in the kingdom. Come along with me; I'll carry thee to thy miſtreſs this minute." — Here Allworthy interpoſed; and at length prevailed with the ſquire to delay introducing Jones to Sophia till the afternoon.

After the departure of Weſtern a meſſage was brought from Blifil, deſiring to know if his uncle was at leiſure that he might wait upon him. Allworthy bid the ſervant tell Blifil, he knew him not. Jones begging of him to conſider, Mr. Allworthy ſaid he had conſidered, and he himſelf ſhould carry the meſſage to the villain; no one being ſo proper to carry him the ſentence of his own ruin, as the man whoſe ruin he had ſo villanouſly contrived.

trived. Jones earneſtly begged that he would excuſe him; ſince what might, perhaps, be but juſtice from another tongue, would from his be inſult. "Beſides, my dear uncle," added he, "conſider I was not myſelf condemned unheard, or puniſhed in the height of anger." — Allworthy ſtood ſilent a moment, and then embracing Jones, ſaid with tears guſhing from his eyes, "O my child! to what goodneſs have I been ſo long blind!"

Mrs. Miller entering the room, and ſeeing Jones in the arms of his uncle, burſt forth into thanksgivings for what had happened, and wiſhed them both joy a thouſand times. Jones at length agreed to be the meſſenger of his uncle's pleaſure to Blifil; and on entering his room, he found him upon the bed abandoning himſelf to deſpair, and drowned in tears. Before he communicated to him the reſolution of Mr. Allworthy that he ſhould quit the houſe that evening, he did every thing in his power to raiſe and comfort his drooping ſpirits. Blifil was at firſt ſullen and ſilent; but finding at laſt the evidence too ſtrong againſt him, he betook himſelf to confeſſion, proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and kiſſed his brother's feet. Jones adviſed him to bear his afflictions more like a man; telling him at the ſame time, that he would do every thing he could to leſſen them. Blifil then pouring forth his thanks, declared he would immediately depart to another lodging, and Jones returned to his uncle.

In the afternoon he attended Mr. Allworthy, agreeably to appointment, to Mr. Weſtern's; where he found Sophia, like himſelf, ſet forth to the beſt advantage. The tea-table was ſcarce removed,

removed, before Weſtern lugged Allworthy out of the room; when the lovers remained ſilent and motionleſs, till at laſt Sophia began, and wiſhed him joy of the diſcovery. — "And can you wiſh me joy, Madam," ſaid Jones, with a ſigh, "while I have incurred your diſpleaſure?" — "Nay, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "as to that, you beſt know whether you have deſerved it; ſo ſoon to engage in a new amour when you pretended your heart was bleeding for me!" — "O my Sophia," cried he, "do not doubt the ſincerity of my paſſion. Could I have flattered myſelf with the moſt diſtant hopes, it would not have been in the power of any other woman to have inſpired a thought which the ſevereſt chaſtity could have condemned. Inconſtancy to you! O Sophia, if you can have the goodneſs to pardon what is paſt, let not future apprehenſions exclude me from mercy!" —"Time alone, Mr. Jones," replied ſhe, "can convince me that you have reſolved to abandon theſe vicious courſes, which I ſhould deteſt you for, if I imagined you capable of perſevering in them. When I ſee you merit my confidence, you will obtain it."

After a very tender ſcene, in which Sophia ſhewed her readineſs to forgive him, Jones caught her in his arms, and kiſſed her with an ardour he had never ventured before. At this inſtant, Weſtern burſt into the room, and cried out, "To her, boy, to her. Well, what is all over? Has ſhe appointed the day, boy? It ſhan't be put off a minute longer than next day, I am reſolved."—"Let me beſeech you, Sir," ſaid Jones, "Beſeech mine a——," interrupted Weſtern; "I thought thou hadſt been a lad of higher mettle. Zoodikers!

Zoodikers! ſhe'd have the wedding to-night with all her heart. Would'ſt not, Sophy? Come, confeſs, and be an honeſt girl for once." — "Why ſhould I confeſs, Sir," ſaid Sophia, "ſince it ſeems you are ſo well acquainted with my thoughts?" —"That's a good girl," cried he, "and do'ſt conſent then?" — "No, indeed, Sir," ſaid Sophia. — "And *wunt nut ha'un* then to morrow?" —"Pray, Sir," ſaid Jones— "I tell thee thou art a puppy," interrupted Weſtern again." When I forbid her, then it was nothing but ſighing and whining; now I am *vor* thee, ſhe is againſt thee. All the ſpirit of contrary that's all." — What would my Papa have me do?" cried Sophia. "Why *ge'un* thy hand this moment." — "Well, Sir," ſaid Sophia, "I will obey you. There is my hand, Mr. Jones." — "Well, and will you conſent to *ha' un* to-morrow morning," returned Weſtern. — "I will be obedient to you, Sir," ſaid ſhe.—"Why then to-morrow morning be the day," cried he.— "Why then to-morrow morning ſhall be the day, Papa, ſince you will have it ſo," ſaid Sophia.

Jones kiſſed her hand in an agony of joy, while Weſtern began to caper and dance about the room. He then ſallied out in queſt of Allworthy, and left the lovers to enjoy a few tender minutes alone. On his return with the good man, he told him of what had paſſed; and it would be difficult to determine which of the parties felt the greateſt ſatisfaction. Weſtern then cried, "Pleaſe Jupiter we'll make a night on't;" but Allworthy informing him that his nephew and he were engaged at Mrs. Miller's, the ſquire anſwered, "Odzookers! I will go with thee, and ſo ſhall Sophy;

phy; for I won't part with thee to-night; and it would be barbarous to part Tom and the girl." This offer was embraced by Allworthy; and when he and his company arrived, Mrs. Miller, experienced tranſports hardly inferior to thoſe ſhe felt on the happineſs of her own daughter, who was preſent, as were alſo young Nightingale, his father, and uncle. Mr. Weſtern was ſo pleaſed with the chearfulneſs and good humour of all around him, that he inſiſted on their dining with him the next day. They did ſo; and the lovely Sophia, who had that morning given her hand to Jones in the chapel at Doctors Commons, did the honours of the table. In the evening, Sophia took the firſt opportunity of withdrawing with the ladies; and the ſquire ſitting in to his cups, was engaged at the bottle with young Nightingale's uncle, long after that happy hour which had ſurrendered the charming Sophia to the eager arms of her enraptured Jones.

Within two days after their marriage, the bride and bridegroom attended Mr. Weſtern and Mr. Allworthy into the country; when the former reſigned his family ſeat, and the greater part of his eſtate, to his ſon in law, and retired to a ſmaller houſe of his, better ſituated for hunting. Indeed he is often as a viſitant with Mr. Jones, who, as well as his daughter, has an infinite delight in doing every thing in their power to pleaſe him; and the old gentleman declares he was never happy in his life till now. Allworthy was alſo greatly liberal to Jones on his marriage, and has omitted no inſtance of ſhewing his affection to him, and to his lady, who loves him as a father.

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Allworthy has never yet been prevailed upon to ſee Blifil; but he has yielded to the importunity of Jones, backed by Sophia, to ſettle 200 l. a year upon him; to which Jones has privately added a third. Mr. Nightingale has purchaſed an eſtate for his ſon in the neighbourhood of Jones, where the young gentleman, his lady, Mrs. Miller, and her other daughter reſide; and the moſt agreeable intercourſe ſubſiſts between the two families. Mrs. Waters has a penſion of 60 l. a year ſettled on her by Mr. Allworthy. Black George, hearing the diſcovery that had been made, run away, and was never more heard of; and Jones beſtowed the money on his family. Partridge has a ſettlement of 50 l. a year from Jones; and he has again ſet up a ſchool, in which he meets with much better encouragement than formerly.

To conclude, whatever in the nature of Jones had a tendency to vice, has been corrected by his converſation with the good Mr. Allworthy, and by his union with the lovely and virtuous Sophia. The tender affection of this worthy couple is daily increaſed and confirmed by mutual endearments and eſteem. They are the delight of their relations and friends; nor is there a neighbour, a tenant, or a ſervant, who does not bleſs the day when Mr. Jones was married to his Sophia.

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